

# MERMAID

THE MAGAZINE FOR ADULTS!

VOL. 1

NO. 8

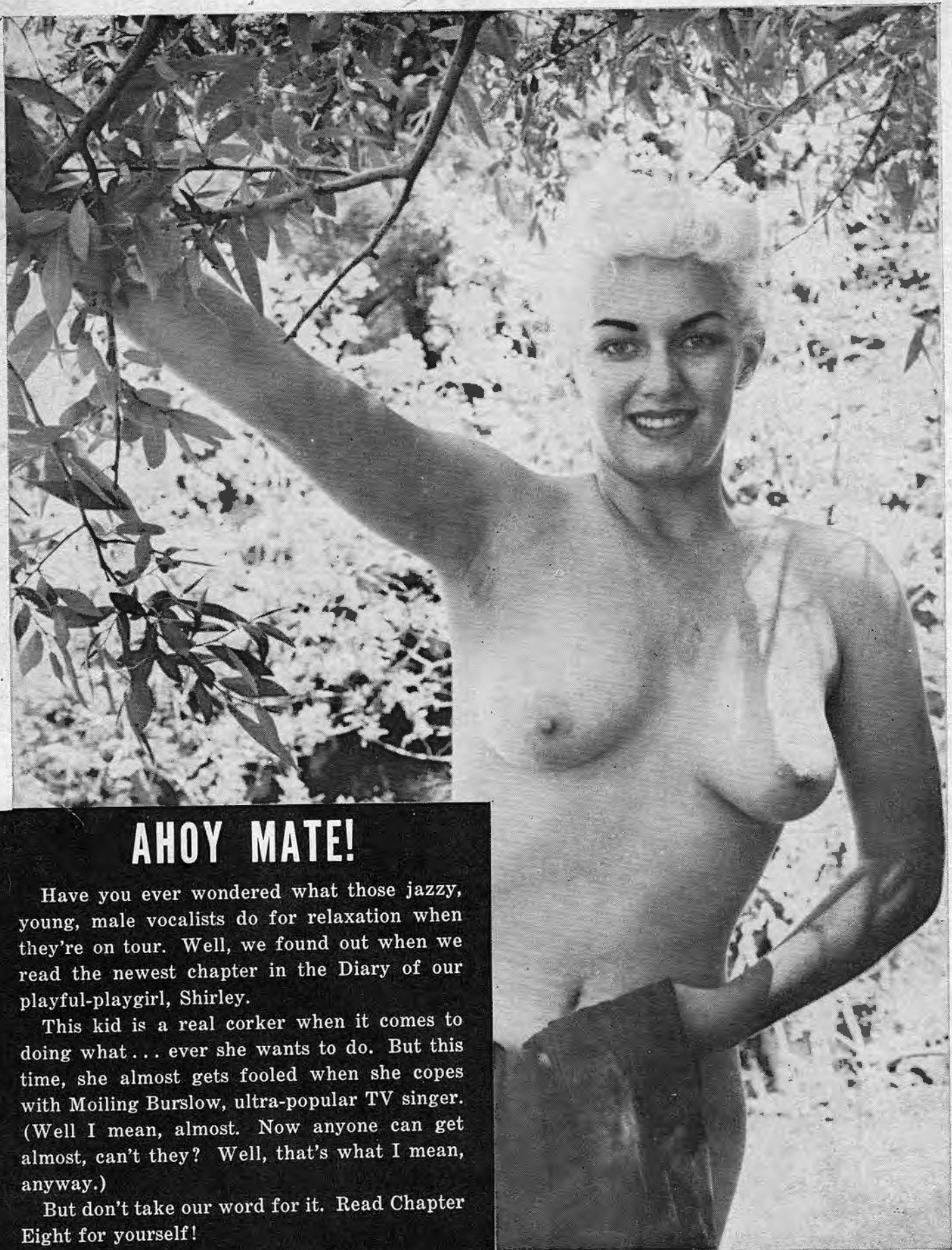
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SELECTED  
MAN-PLEASING  
FEATURES  
AND  
ARTICLES!





## AHOY MATE!

Have you ever wondered what those jazzy, young, male vocalists do for relaxation when they're on tour. Well, we found out when we read the newest chapter in the Diary of our playful-playgirl, Shirley.

This kid is a real corker when it comes to doing what... ever she wants to do. But this time, she almost gets fooled when she copes with Moiling Burslow, ultra-popular TV singer. (Well I mean, almost. Now anyone can get almost, can't they? Well, that's what I mean, anyway.)

But don't take our word for it. Read Chapter Eight for yourself!

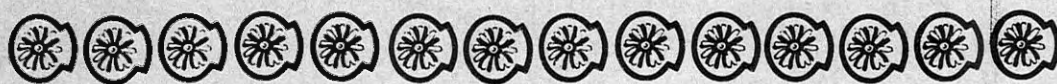
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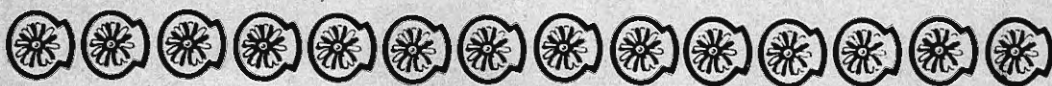
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# Mermaid

VOL 1 NO. 8

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# THE DARK RED HAIR

*All of a sudden it was like he had always planned it would be. And he had planned it the moment he first laid eyes on her, and her Pierce-Arrow.*



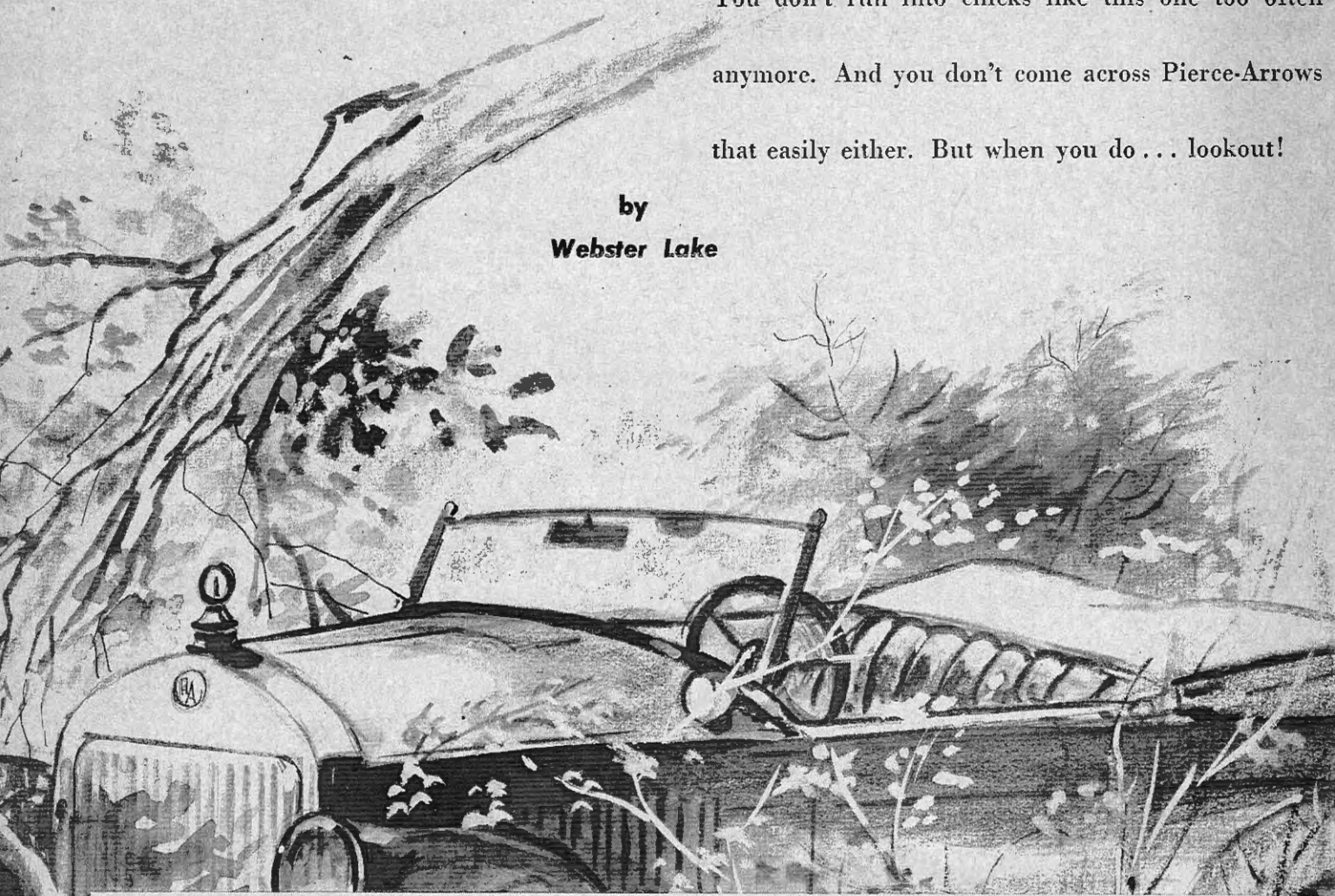


# OF THE PIERCE ARROW

THE DARK RED HAIR of the Pierce-Arrow

You don't run into chicks like this one too often anymore. And you don't come across Pierce-Arrows that easily either. But when you do . . . lookout!

by  
**Webster Lake**



**Y**OU DON'T FIND GIRLS like this often. Fantastic red hair, I mean fantastic. It was not orange, the way most so-called red hair is, but honest to God red; dark red, glowing red. A real rarity. And the rest of her was just as rare. Her eyes, naturally were green. Her nose was pert and upturned, and her body, encased in a pair of greasy blue jeans when I first saw her, was wonderfully fleshy. I mean you could almost feel the flesh under her clothes when you saw her move. She was something all right.

What bothered me at first was the grease. She had a smudge of it on her nose, a big smear down the side of her jeans and spots here and there on her flannel shirt. What the hell, I thought: is she a garage mechanic?

I suppose I ought to say how this came about. I was driving up Route 7 in Connecticut toward Vermont where I was planning to spend my vacation, just sort of moving around. No real plans, just see the country—and the girls, if there were any. So I was

*(Continued on next page)*



## THE DARK RED HAIR OF THE PIERCE-ARROW

coming up Route 7, and there she was standing by the side of the road with her thumb out. Naturally, I picked her up. "A pretty girl like you ought to have more sense than to accept rides from strangers," I said.

She shrugged. "I can take care of myself. Besides maybe I'll learn something." She wasn't being tough; in fact, she was smiling and her green eyes sparkled.

"Maybe you will," I said. "Where do you want to go?"

"Where are you going?" she countered.

"Vermont. I don't guess you want to go that far. But I can drop you someplace, I'm in no rush."

"Okay," she said. "Swell."

"Just tell me where to turn."

It was funny. She wasn't being tough and she didn't look stupid. Just friendly. She wasn't afraid of me, although she ought to have been. She didn't know me from Adam and there was no reason why I couldn't simply drive on up to Vermont with her in the car. There was no way to stop me.

Of course, I had no intention of doing anything like that. I was happy enough driving her around to wherever it was she wanted to go. As I say, I was in no hurry to get any particular place. In fact, with this extraordinary girl beside me in the car I was happy to be where I was.

After a couple of miles she turned me off into a smaller road. We drove down this a mile and then she told me to slow down. I looked up the road. There, believe it or not, sat a 1927 Pierce-Arrow roadster, shining and gleaming in the sun like a heap of glass. "Is that it?" I said.

She grinned. "That's it. Isn't it lovely?"

I slowed to a stop beside the Pierce-Arrow, which was sitting off in the gutter with one side of the hood up. "Well I guess it's handsome all right," I said reluctantly.

She got out of the other side of the car. "Damn tootin'," she said. "Well

thanks." She slammed the door, and then without looking at me again pulled a small piece of metal from her blue-jeans' pocket and approached the motor. She was plainly through with me: the Pierce-Arrow was her love. But I was not through with her; not if I could help it. I pulled the car up past the shiny hunk of automotive antique, snuck off the road and got out.

She was bending over the motor as I came up, her red hair hanging down around her dangerously close to the greasy motor. "What's wrong?" I said. And, "Can I help?"

So concentrated was she on her work that she had not heard me come up. She looked up. "Oh," she said. "It's you."

"What's wrong?"

"I busted a rocker-arm. That's why I had to hitch-bike uptown." She went back to her work, swinging a small open-end wrench round and round over a nut.

I sat down on the running board. "You own this thing?"

"Sure," she said. She looked at me reproachfully. "Try not to get any dirt on the running board, huh?"

Hastily, I stood. "Sorry," I said. It began to appear to me that I might as well hop on my bicycle and go peddle my papers. This girl was so wrapped up in the shiny Pierce-Arrow she hardly knew I existed, except as somebody who might dirty her car; friendly, but that was all. I mean what the hell, I'm not ugly, I dress decently, I make a living wage, I drive a good car. I don't expect every girl I meet to fall in love with me, but usually they're interested enough to pass the time of day. Not this one. I could have sat on the running board all day and she wouldn't have noticed my existence.

I thought I'd try another tack. "Well I guess I'd better run along," I said.

She hardly glanced at me. "Yeah," she said. "Well, thanks for the lift."

I took another look at the girl, especially that deep red hair, and the flesh of her body moving under her shirt as she spun the wrench. I sat back down on the running board. "I

guess I'm in no rush," I said. And yet, I wondered why I was staying: the girl seemed to be completely out of the question.

But I'm an obstinate guy. "My name is Pete Baker," I said.

She nodded. "That's a nice name," she said. Nothing more. Then she pulled the wrench out of the motor, closed the hood as gently as if she were putting a baby in a crib, set the hooks, and wiped her hands on some leaves in the gutter. "That ought to get her," she said.

Then she lept onto the shiny leather seats, started the engine, and roared off down the road. For a moment I stood astonished, watching her go. Then I climbed into my own car and started to back around to head out toward Route 7 and Vermont again.

But the image of that dark red hair flashed into my consciousness; instead of turning, I slipped the car into drive and gunned off down the road—after the girl.

She had a good jump on me, and that Pierce-Arrow would move. My buggy doesn't do so badly though, and in about five minutes I saw her churning up the dust through a break in the trees by the road. She was around a corner, maybe a quarter of a mile ahead of me. I pressed the accelerator deeper into the floor boards. In another mile I nailed her. For a moment I drove along behind her and then she pulled off the road and stopped. I pulled up behind her, and got out. Walking over to the Pierce-Arrow, I put my foot up on the running board, like a cop. "Where's the fire?" I said.

"What are you following me for?" she said. "This isn't the way to Vermont."

"I know," I said calmly. "But the girls in Vermont don't have hair the color of yours."

She looked at me suspiciously. "That's it, eh? Well don't bother. It was nice of you to give the lift and all, but I don't figure I owe you anything for it."

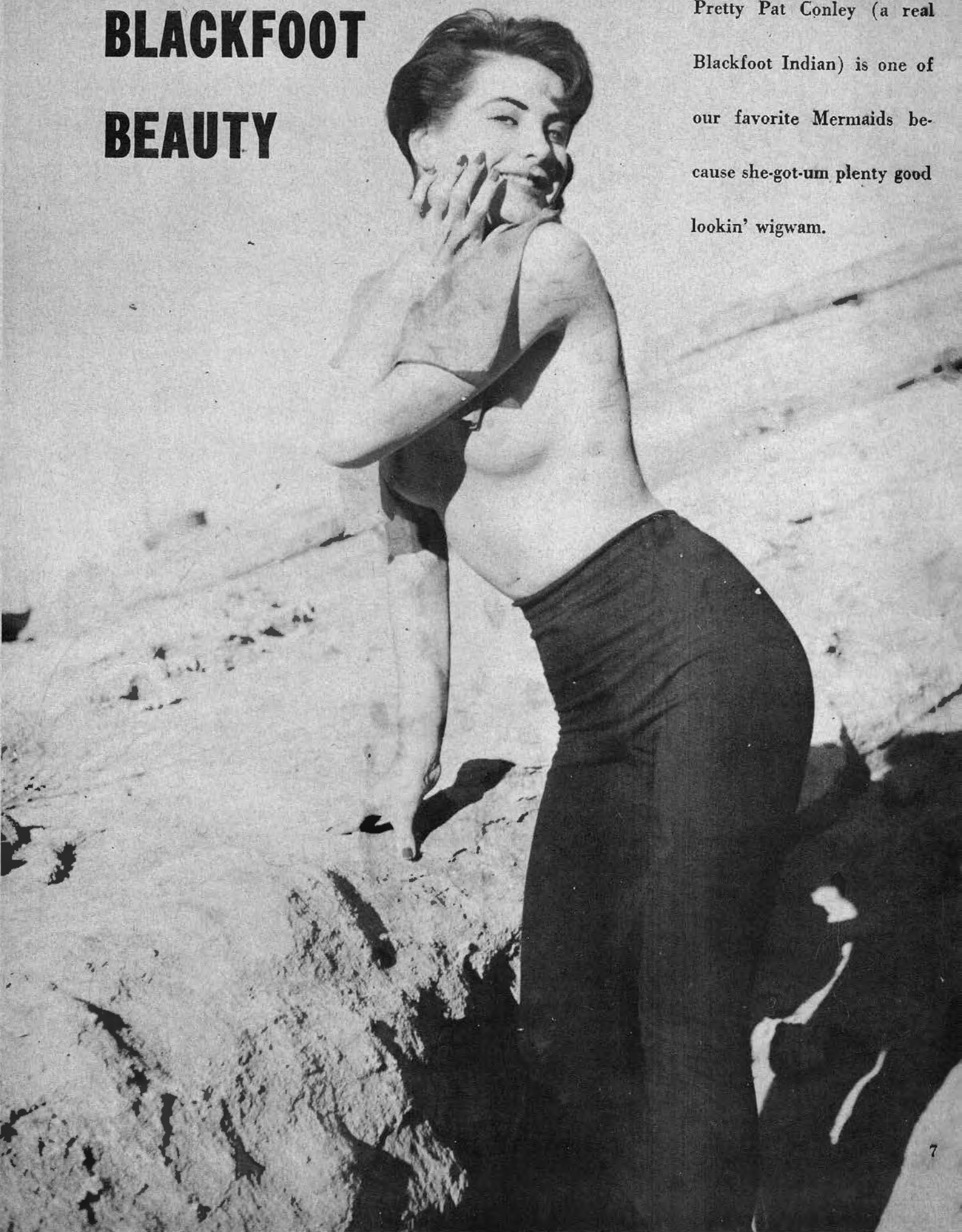
Plainly she didn't like me. Or she didn't like men. Or something. "No

*(Continued on page 11)*



# BLACKFOOT BEAUTY

Pretty Pat Conley (a real Blackfoot Indian) is one of our favorite Mermaids because she-got-um plenty good lookin' wigwam.





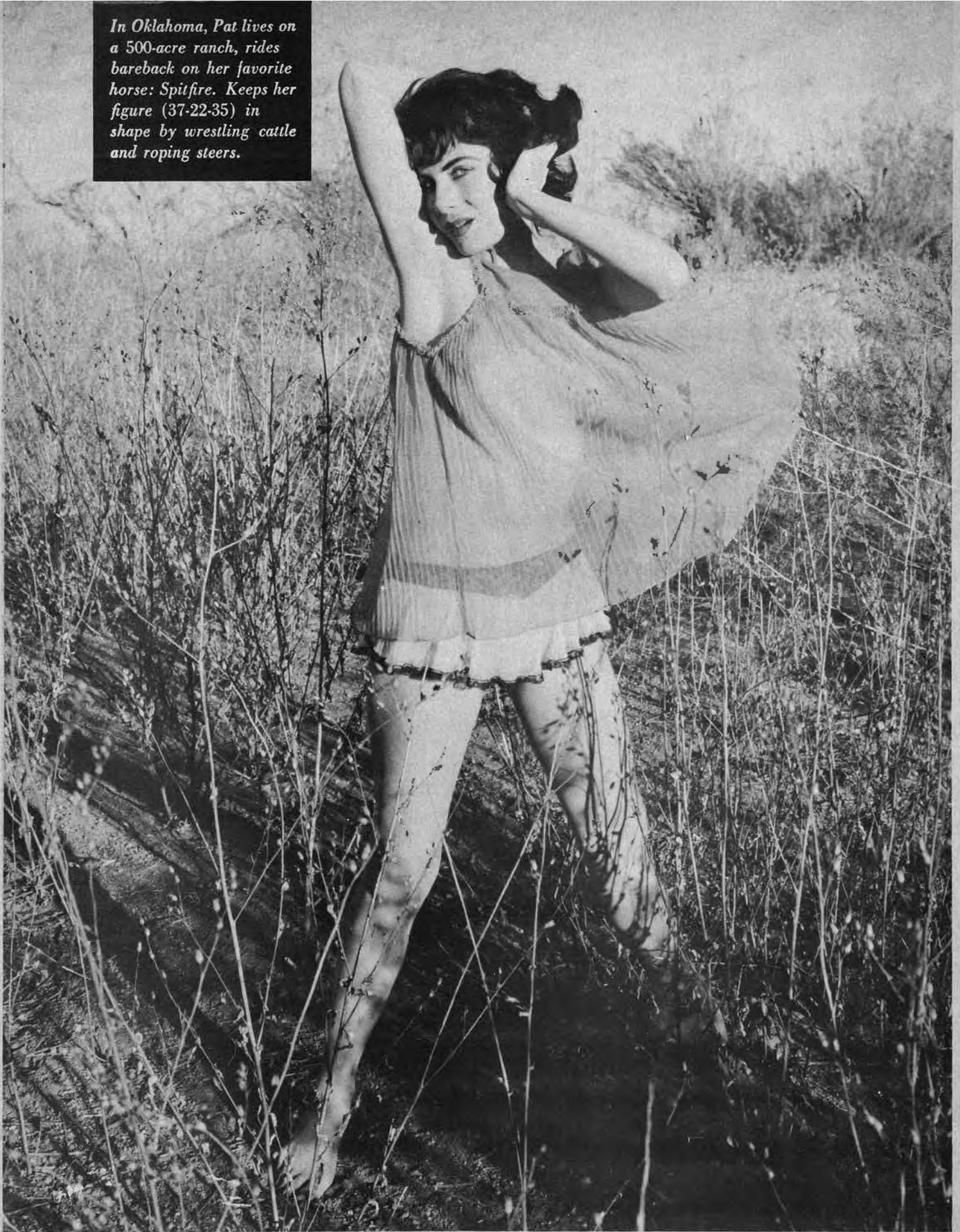
*Native born to Oklahoma (in the small town of Wetumeka) Pat Conley is, at the age of 24, one of the prettiest Blackfoot Indians around.*

*Pat's father was a full-blooded Blackfoot Chief and her mother a native of France when the two tribal representatives met in Newark, New Jersey. Mama was just arriving from Europe and daddy was just about to take the boat. Needless to say, he stayed.*





*In Oklahoma, Pat lives on a 500-acre ranch, rides bareback on her favorite horse: Spitfire. Keeps her figure (37-22-35) in shape by wrestling cattle and roping steers.*







*Pat's favorite hobby is music, any kind of music. "I love everything," says the pert pretty, "from Bach to Brahms. I'm also just as wild about Elvis." And she concluded: "I sure wish he'd come home from the Army soon."*



*The 5 foot 3 inch, 105 pound beauty's real love however, is acting. Right now she's in Hollywood modeling and pursuing her career. Aids to the future include training in: ballet and tap dancing.*



## THE DARK RED HAIR OF THE PIERCE-ARROW

*(Continued on page 6)*

favors," I said. "Why don't you let me buy you some lunch?"

She reached onto the seat beside her and lifted up a paper bag. "No thanks, I've got mine here."

Talk about Be Prepared. The Boy Scouts had nothing on this one. "All right. How about me sharing yours?"

She smiled. "You're a nice looking man, but I don't like men." She patted the sides of the Pierce-Arrow. "I like cars. They go faster and they're easier to stop when you want to stop them."

"You know a lot about cars, don't you?" I said.

"Everything. I know everything about cars."

"All right," I said. "Maybe you can tell me what's wrong with mine. There's a noise in the engine."

She looked at me suspiciously again. But the challenge to her pride was too much. "Okay, I'll have a look." She climbed out of the car and crossed to mine.

I opened the door and started to get in. "Where are you going?" she said. "I'll start it."

I shrugged, and backed off. She started the engine, revving it up quickly a few times, and then with motor idling she got out and lifted the hood. Bending over the fender, she put her ear down by the engine and listened. Then she began tugging the accelerator lever on the carburetor back and forth, gunning the engine up and down. I could see she was quite engrossed, listening and revving the engine. I backed off a pace, and then quite casually, as if I were curious about her car, I stepped over to the Pierce-Arrow. Quickly I glanced at her. Her head was still down in the engine, and I worried that she might catch her lovely red hair in the fan. She was completely absorbed in what she was doing.

Hastily stooping, I scooped up a handful of dried leaves, twisted off the gas cap of the Pierce-Arrow. Then I crumpled the leaves down into the

tank. Whistling nonchalantly I turned the cap on tight and went back to my own car. "Find out the trouble?"

She looked up at me. "I don't hear anything," she said. "Maybe a little tappet noise; nothing serious. What did it sound like?"

"Sort of a thump," I said.

Then she caught on. "Listen you, that was just a trick, wasn't it?" Angrily she slammed the hood down, making me wince. "Damn you," she said. Abruptly she turned on her heel and got back into the Pierce-Arrow.

I let her go. After a minute I climbed back into my car and started after her. I kept her just in sight, losing her as we rounded corners, catching her again on the straight-aways. I didn't think she could make me out.

She didn't seem to be going any place in particular, just driving around, making love to her splendid but rather metallic Pierce-Arrow. And then I lost her. Rounding a corner, I came onto a straight-away and she was nowhere in sight. I gunned the engine. At the next corner she was still gone. She couldn't have gotten away from me. She must have turned off some place. Angrily I backed around in a driveway, and started back, looking for the turn-off. There were two or three of them. She could have used any of them. My only chance, I figured, was to pick one blindly and try it. Which I did. I drove for about five miles, pushing the car as hard as I could—and then I gave up. She was gone. I was angry; angry at her for being so stubborn about men, angry at myself for losing her. Girls with bodies like that and rare red hair are hard to come by. I wanted to see her again in the worst way. But who knows where she was? I couldn't search the whole countryside. So I turned again and headed back the way I had come. I got up to the turn off, rounded the corner with an angry screeching of tires—and jammed on the brakes.

There was the Pierce-Arrow sitting in the noon-day sun, shining brightly. And there was the girl standing beside it, her thumb out.

I leaned out the window. "Hello there," I said. "Fancy meeting you here."

She glared at me angrily. "Have you been following me?" she said.

"Of course not," I said smoothly. "Just enjoying your lovely countryside." I climbed out and pointed at the Pierce-Arrow. "What happened? Did the monster break down again?" My voice was filled with sweet solicitude.

"Shut up," she said. She looked away.

"Well why don't I have a look at it for you." I said. "Perhaps I can figure out the trouble."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "I know more about this car than any man living."

"Perhaps," I said politely. "But then you were good enough to open the hood of my car. I should return the favor." And before she could stop me I lept into the Pierce-Arrow and pushed down the starter.

"Get out of there," she said angrily.

I continued to turn the engine over, pursing my lips as if giving it my best attention. "Won't catch, eh?"

She glared at me. "Get out of my car."

I paid no attention. "Sounds like a clogged gas line," I said. I pushed the starter again. "I'm sure of it," I said confidently. "Clogged gas line." I got out of the car. "Give me a wrench, I'll have it fixed in a jiffy."

"Clogged gas line my granny," she said. "It couldn't be. I checked the tank, the line, everything in the carburetor just yesterday."

I shrugged self-effacingly. "Still, it's a clogged gas line," I said.

She looked at me astonished. "Boy, are you a cocky son-of-a-gun. All right, by George, let's just show how much you know." She stomped around to the rear of the car, pulled out her tools, and began unfastening the gas line. In a moment she had it off at both ends. "Look," she said. "Here." She handed it to me without bothering to inspect it.

I took it, shook it good and hard a

*(Continued on page 44)*



# THE PLACES WHERE LOVE IS FREE AND EASY

There are only a few outposts of fun and joy left on our shrinking globe. So, here are some tips on how to reach them, and what to expect when you get there.

by

*Stuart Joseph Thomas*

**I**N THE DAYS of the ancient Egyptians, a man bought his wife. He paid for her, he owned her and he held her under despotic power. He could put her away when he chose; or, if he tired of her favors, he could take another, and a third and a fourth—provided he had the money to buy them.

Times had changed, alas. No longer can a man simply order up his women as he chooses. He must woo her, shower her with gifts, flatter her with attentions—and then, if he is successful in his pursuit, bend to her whims.

*(Continued on next page)*









## THE PLACES WHERE LOVE IS FREE—AND EASY

The custom, admittedly has its advantages. The pleasures of the hunt are always appreciable. But if the hunter catches not his quarry then the pleasure turns to ashes in the mouth. Furthermore, there are times when a man is too busy to chase. He wants the beast immediately, without dilly-dallying. And therein lies the rub.

However, scholars, there are places in the world where the old way obtains. Places where the girls are amiable, are trained to obedience to men, and do what they're told. These lovely oasis in an otherwise disheartening world are few, and they are extremely far between. But they exist. Now if you'll pay attention, perhaps I can do you some good.

As a man with a penchant for both travel and girls, I have visited around here and there. Travel in many places is expensive. But in the more obscure corners of the earth it is not. A few dollars will carry a man a long way. With this thought in mind we gather about the map and have a look.

Glance down along the east coast of Africa. You will find, three-quarters of the way down, the lush green island of Madagascar. As you will see, it is a longish island, the center of which rises into a forest plateau, the trees of which are often one hundred feet around. Madagascar produces rice, manioc, maize, and about half of the world's vanilla supply, a fact of very little importance either to me or you. It produces also some of the loveliest, most complaisant women in the world.

I arrived in Tananarive, the capital city, by boat from the Kenya port of Mombasa, tired and somewhat seasick from the trip. Tananarive is on the edge of the island plateau; but it can be reached by narrow-gauge railway from the coastal city of Tamatave. I climbed the steep steps up to the capital city, made my way to Place Colbert, and sat down at an outdoor cafe overlooking the sunny square. The architecture of Tananarive is white brick. The architecture of its girls is

somewhat softer and more the color of lemon drops. The population, I had been told, is divided into three parts. There are, first of all, the Negro natives, who originally owned the place. Secondly there is the small European colony. Madagascar has been controlled successively by both French and British, and each has left its residue of businessmen and colonial administrators. But I was mainly concerned with the third population group, the Hovas. The Hovas are Polynesians who arrived on the island some thousand years ago. A strikingly handsome people, they are light skinned, black-haired, and the essence of grace. The men are tall and strong. The women are not so tall, but abundantly curved, sloe-eyed, and quick to smile. They tend to wear European dress, but for comfort forego such amenities as underwear.

I was considering all of this information when the waiter approached with my second drink. "Kind sir," I said, or words to that effect, "where are the girls?"

He laughed broadly. "Everywhere," he said. "But why don't you try the street markets around Avenue de la Liberation?"

I did. The vendors sat under huge, bright-colored umbrellas, their goods spread out on folding trays or the ground beside them. A throng of women moved slowly under the hot sun, pinching, examining, testing of wares. Some were Europeans. But most were Hovans: old ladies, middle-aged housewives, and young daughters of the families. I approached one of the stands where a pair of pretty little girls stood holding a string of glass beads up to the sun. I nodded to the vendor, and then turned my attention to the girls. "Pretty beads, are they not?" I opened in my broken French, a little uneasily, for I was hardly sure of my reception.

I need not have worried. The girls giggled brightly, and smiled at me. I turned to the seller. "How much?" I said.

"Fifty francs," he said promptly. I was sure it was too much, but I was

in no mood to quibble. I gave him the money.

Again the girls giggled. "Thank you, monsieur," they said.

"I am happy to do it," I said. Then I bowed slightly and offered them my arms. They stepped one to each side of me, passed their arms through mine, and thus linked we walked about the marketplace. To be perfectly honest, I had no idea what my next step was. The girls were amiable, cooing childishly over the trinkets for sale, and happy when I spent a few cents to buy them something they admired. But I found it difficult to believe that this promised much. Finally I said, "I would like to buy you a little wine," do you know of a place?"

They did, a small quiet sunlit place nearly empty of customers, unpretentiously cluttered with rough wooden tables, but clean and neat. For an hour we sat drinking wine and chattering, the girls laughing at my poor French and my questions, and teasing me with light touches of their hands to my face and arms. Sooner or later, I knew, I would have to make my move; but I was concerned. I did not want to loose the girls from being too forward. Nor did I want to let them slip away. Finally, what with the wine and the general tenor of the conversation, which had turned to stories of men and women, I pulled my courage together and spoke: "Is there someplace we can go—where it is alone?"

In unison, the girls giggled. One of them raised her hand and pointed to a curtain at the rear of the bar. "We can go there, if you want," she said. "But you must give the bartender something."

That I was delighted to do. I allowed the girls to speak softly to the bartender, offered him a hundred francs, and then followed them through the curtain. Here was a rough room of white brick, containing a water jug, a wooden bed spread with a sheet, and a pair of shutters which sliced bars of light across the bed. I was, no doubt of it, pleased. But remember, I had two girls with me. I looked from one to the next. Again they shrieked with

girlish laughter, and moved in close to me pressing their young bodies against mine. "Who first?" they giggled.

I was, believe me, nonplussed. Shrugging a smile, I touched one of them. The other giggled and went out through the curtain. The one I had indicated began undressing with astonishing speed. That was when I discovered that lingerie was something foreign to their ways of thinking. In a moment she was undressed, her lithe young body moving sinuous as a palm tree before me. I picked her up and placed her on the bed.

It wasn't until much later, as the three of us sat in the bar again drinking wine coolers that I discovered they had watched me from the moment I entered the market place. I, not they, had been seduced.

So much for Madagascar. We must now turn the map to that area of world which falls to the southwest of China. Here lie Malaya, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam. The population of these countries is confused and diverse. There are the Polynesian-rooted Malagasy. There are the Europeans. There are the Chinese and Japanese. And there are first and foremost the blood mixtures of all of these. Known by the generic term Eurasians, they partake of the full-bosomed European figure and the short, dark, flawlessly skinned looks of the Asiatics. They are remarkably beautiful women, and because of their mixed blood, they sometimes find themselves outcasts in their own cities, women who must scratch up a husband—or a living—as best they can.

If you will glance again at the map, you will see that it is not much of a plane trip from the Phillipines to Saigon, the capital city of what is now Viet Nam. At the time of the close of World War II, however, it was a place of confused jurisdiction, and I, a GI with a good deal of money to burn, an adventuresome spirit, and two weeks leave, decided to bum a ride with the Air Force in Manila.

I arrived at the Saigon airport, still scarred with the ravages of war, at dusk and rode into the city in a jeep,

accompanied by two noisy air force officers.

I found the city to be a motley collection of large stone buildings put up by the French administrators over the years, and ranges of one and two-story wooden shop fronts, more or less ramshackle from lack of paint. I ditched the air force boys and made my way into a low, poorly lit bar. Here a dozen sailors of various nationalities stood drinking wine at the bars. A few Saigonese businessmen were playing a dice game around a table. None of these interested me. It was rather the quiet, shy, gentle-looking girls who sat one each to a table as I came in who answered my requirements. They were not all handsome, and some were aging. But among them were the small-bodied, full-figured Eurasians. Fair or not, they all gave me the benefit of a smile as I entered. A GI was largesse to a woman in war-battered Saigon.

I went to the bar, bought myself a drink of gin, and studied the girls. After a moment I found one that struck my fancy. I looked at her and nodded. She smiled briefly. I took my drink in hand and walked to her table.

I was not interested, mind you, in the professional prostitute. Those are available in any city. However, I did not expect to find virginity rampant in such a place. Standing beside her table I looked down at the girl. "Combien?" I said in French. "How much?"

She shrugged a little sadly. "Whatever monsieur wishes. I am not a prostitute, but one must eat."

I decided to find out. "I will not pay you anything. But perhaps we can have a good time together."

She smiled a little. "I am not a prostitute," she repeated. "I would be happy to accompany monsieur."

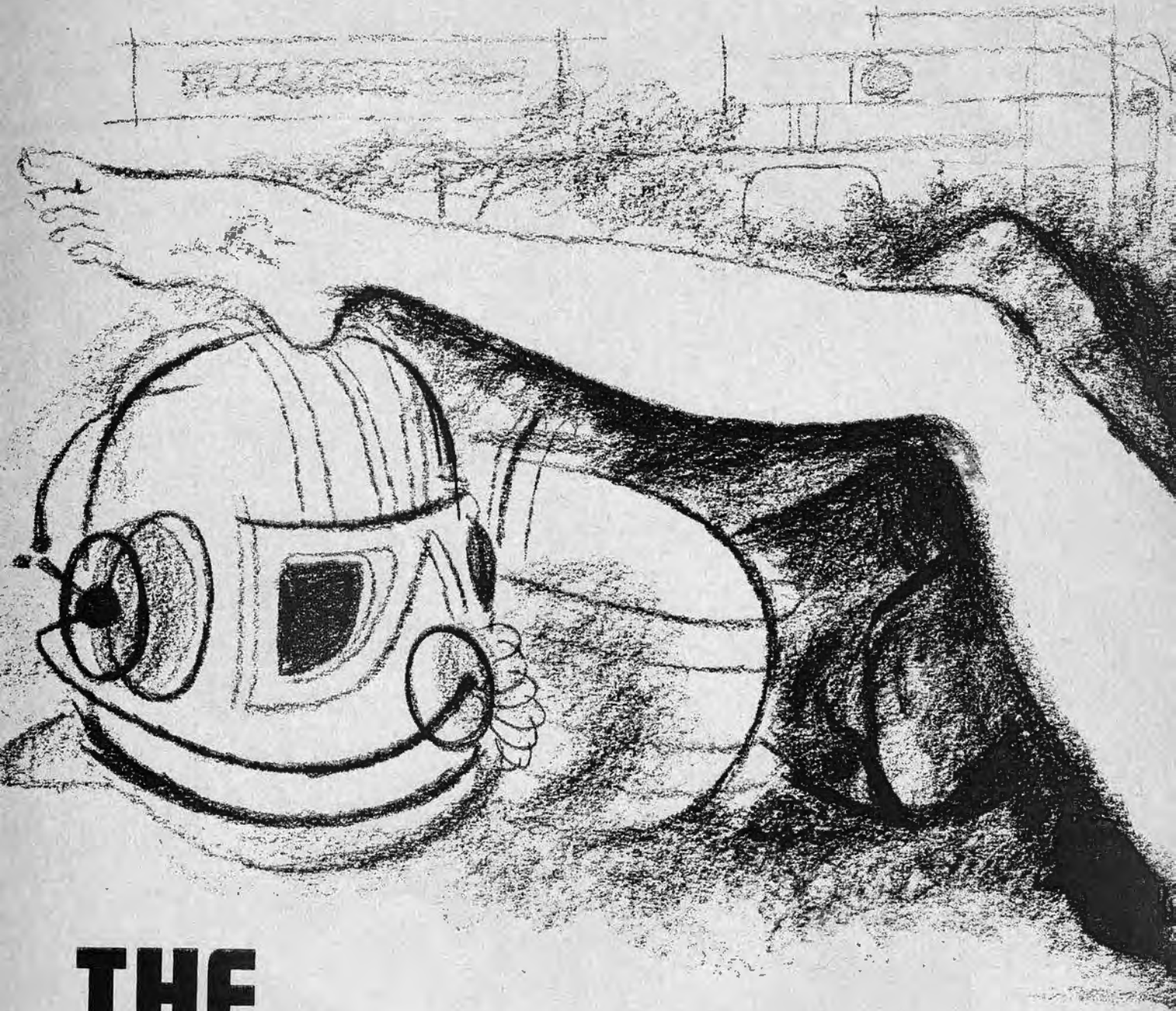
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"Well, Mr. Pierpont, as your financial advisor my first obvious suggestion is—"



The inhabitants of the uncharted planet hadn't ever heard about love until one day . . . a space-wrecked pilot showed them what it was all about.



# THE STRANGE CUSTOM OF THE ASTEROID



*She didn't know what she was doing. All she did know was that it was the most wonderful thing she had ever, ever thought of in her life.*

by  
**Sturges Lane**

I DIDN'T KNOW where the hell I was. I had somehow gotten into a quadrant loaded with asteroids. There seemed to be thousands of them packed into a relatively small piece of space. As far as I could tell they made up some kind of gravitational system. In any case, my instrument needles were jumping all over the control board. The thing I was afraid of was that I

was just going around in large circles. When you get into a gravitational system you can very easily do that, simply by following the warp of space that the system creates.

It was pretty much my own fault, too. We were out on a routine space survey, mapping whatever we ran into. The trouble was my curiosity about space-biology. I spotted this little hunk

of dead body that seemed to be emanating a greenish glow. It wasn't my job to check up on it; only to report its existence. It turned out to be nothing special, a typical example of alpa-rays producing a spectrum segment by its motion. But then when I got to looking around for the rest of the party, I couldn't find them. For a

*(Continued on next page)*



## THE STRANGE CUSTOM ON THE ASTEROID

couple of days I wandered around. I'd be sure to catch hell when I got back to the base. But I couldn't find them. And then I ran into the asteroids.

And there I was. For a couple of hours I flew around, listening nervously to a lot of tiny stuff loose in the system clinking on the walls of the space ship. Then, when I couldn't find any way out, I decided I'd better set down some place and take a look. In these situations that's usually the only thing that works. If you can make your motion absolute with the system you can figure out the shape of the system. After that it's easy to set a course. So I looked around for about a half an hour and then I spotted a fairly large asteroid that looked to be maybe a couple of hundred earth miles in diameter.

I circled it. It was dark and pitted with holes. It appeared to be fairly heavy; according to my gravity gauges it looked to have a mass-per-area ratio of something like thirty times the earth. That was good; it would mean that the gravitational pull was not much less than what I was used to. But that was all there was to it: no fluids of any kind, simply a great hunk of rock full of pits where smaller bodies had hit it.

I coasted in, picked out a flat spot, and landed. Then I strapped on the small portable oxygizer and stepped out to have a look around. There wasn't much to see. The ground was mostly metallic, rough and somewhat brittle. It crunched under my shoes as I walked. I looked upwards to have a glance at the system. Again, there wasn't much to see. It was pretty black. But some flickers of distance light carrying from God knows how many light-years away caught some of the pieces of the system. With their metallic surfaces they reflected fairly well. Some of them appeared to be moving, but a couple were stationary. That meant nothing of course. The supposed stationary asteroids could very well be moving in congruence

with the one I was on. But it was a help. If I could set a course by two of them I'd have a straight line to work from that would carry me out of the system in a huge spiral. Sooner or later I'd get into sight of more familiar territory.

Figuring this, I started to get back into the little space ship. And that was when I began to feel the noises. I couldn't hear them of course; there wasn't enough atmosphere to carry the sound. I backed up against the space ship, ready to jump it. But I have to admit I was curious. What was up?

And then I saw it. A kind of sliding trap door opened up in the ground and some figures appeared. I was bewildered and astonished. Plainly there were living creatures on the asteroid. But who, and what?

I let them come closer. Chances were that they were fairly primitive people, since they were living in so obscure a corner of the universe. And then after a moment I could see them. They were human all right, dressed in antique clothes and wearing some old-fashioned oxygyzers of a type I wasn't familiar with. They were rather short, standing about six feet, and this alone confirmed their primitivism. With our modern seven and eight foot heights, you don't see short people very much any more.

So I spoke, trying English first. "Hello. Who are you?"

At the sound of my voice they stopped moving. Then cautiously one of them answered me in English. "We might ask you the same thing."

"Do you live here?" I asked. They appeared to be friendly.

"Of course," the one who appeared to be the leader said in a rather high-pitched voice. "Come."

So I followed them; I was curious and they seemed harmless. Besides I packed a small megatron streamer which I figured could handle them. They looked too primitive to have any defenses against it.

We went down a flight of stairs from the hole in the ground, and the trap door closed above me. I began to look around. It was an astonishing sight.

An enormous cavern that went on for miles and miles as far as the eye could see had been carved out in the middle of the asteroid. Herbage of various kinds grew; trees, bushes, flowers, vines, everything. There seemed to be a vast profusion of vegetable life. Below the stairs was a city, made up mostly of square, flat houses and buildings, set out in a regular way. Here and there were what looked like factories. The whole thing was lit by ancient fluorescent lights strung along the ceiling. It was amazing.

And then I noticed that the people had taken off their oxygyzers. "Can we breathe here?" I asked.

"Of course," the leader said. I turned to look. Again I was astonished. It was a woman. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised. Complete equality among the sexes is the common rule, and yet I had understood that among primitive peoples the rulers were invariably men.

We had reached the bottom of the stairs to a street. A great many people stood on the sidewalks gawking at me. I guess it had been a long time since they had seen anybody from another world. I stopped walking. "Where are we going?" I said. I laid my hand on the butt of my megatron streamer.

The woman looked at me and then laughed. "Don't worry, we're not going to hurt you. But naturally we're curious about you. We want to talk."

I shrugged. It was reasonable. Besides, I was anxious to find out where they had come from. I had my own idea, but I wasn't going to say anything until I knew.

They took me into one of the larger buildings and then into a comfortable room, furnished somewhat after the style of the 20th Century; the stuff was comfortable, but wildly out of fashion, and appeared to be made mostly of wood and simple metals like steel and aluminum. They left me with the woman. The woman sat and beckoned me to a seat. Then she began to ask questions. As we talked we drank some kind of dark alcoholic stuff, probably the ancient whiskey that I

*(Continued on page 25)*



THE

Jazzy Jeri Archer makes like Britannia in a legitimate stage play. Fortunately for the audience the play casts Britannia as a bare-breasted beauty.

ENTERTAINER



"because that part of me I wouldn't show to any man . . . well almost any man." We were backstage in Miss Archer's dressing room at the Royal Theatre on Broadway where "The Entertainer" was showing. "I figure," she continued, "that I'm making about \$3000 an hour, but it's a tough twelve-seconds."

"Why?" asked this reporter.

"Well, during that time, I have to project all the history and dignity of The British Empire. It's difficult, sometimes it seems as if I'm out there for an entire hour."

While talking she was peering intently into the brightly lit make-up mirror at her one-inch long eyelashes. One of them was askew. She adjusted it. "Of course," she said, "it was easier in Boston when I was nude. I could use my body and act, really act. Here I feel as though I'm posing."

She was referring to the fact that the Commissioner of Licenses in New York insisted that she wear something during her

short scene. "You'd figure that what would be okay in Boston would be okay in New York, but some square or other in the back-row raised a fuss and the next thing I knew we were told I had to wear something over my breasts. They also made a thing about my G-string. They said the G-string was too invisible, I had to wear one that showed. Can you imagine? How can I act with all that? I feel like a show-girl, just sort of posing . . . you know."

The G-string was now a slightly larger rectangle covered with sequins and fringed around the edges. She was wearing it along with the garter, a large tri-colored affair with a red-rose attached to it. She seemed completely oblivious to the fact that with the exception of the eyelashes she was wearing nothing else.

"The play is wonderful," she said, "It has a great deal in it that you don't seem to get at first viewing. As a play it goes very deep."



Jeri is a vivacious strip-tease artist of the old school. She believes in practicing to perfection. When she took the acting job, she rehearsed the scene more often than some of the actors who had speaking lines.



And speaking of  
lines, Jeri has a set  
of them that  
measure a busty  
41-24-36. Top that off  
with a handsome  
head of honey-  
blonde hair and  
you've really got  
something.



I asked her if she had ever studied acting seriously.

"Oh, no. Training can help . . . but you have to have the ability, the talent first. That's what really counts, having an instinctive understanding and feeling for acting. You've either born with it or you're not." She tilted her chair and leaned back against the dressing room wall. "I've been acting since I was 11 years old. I've done Broadway shows and stock and television. Even radio. Used to be on things like *Gangbusters* and *Counterspy*."

She went on to say how she first hit Broadway in 1945 in "*Billion Dollar Baby*." I asked her when she first appeared nude.

"That was in my teens," she answered, "I wore a couple of flowers in an *Illustrators* show. I guess you really couldn't call that nude though, could you? But anyway, it was then that I learned to use body in acting. It's really pantomime . . . you sort of express an idea or a feeling or an attitude with all of you, not just your voice. I love using my body, that's why I'm so disconcerted about having to wear this stuff during the *New York* run." She referred to the tiny brassiere and the sequined G-string.

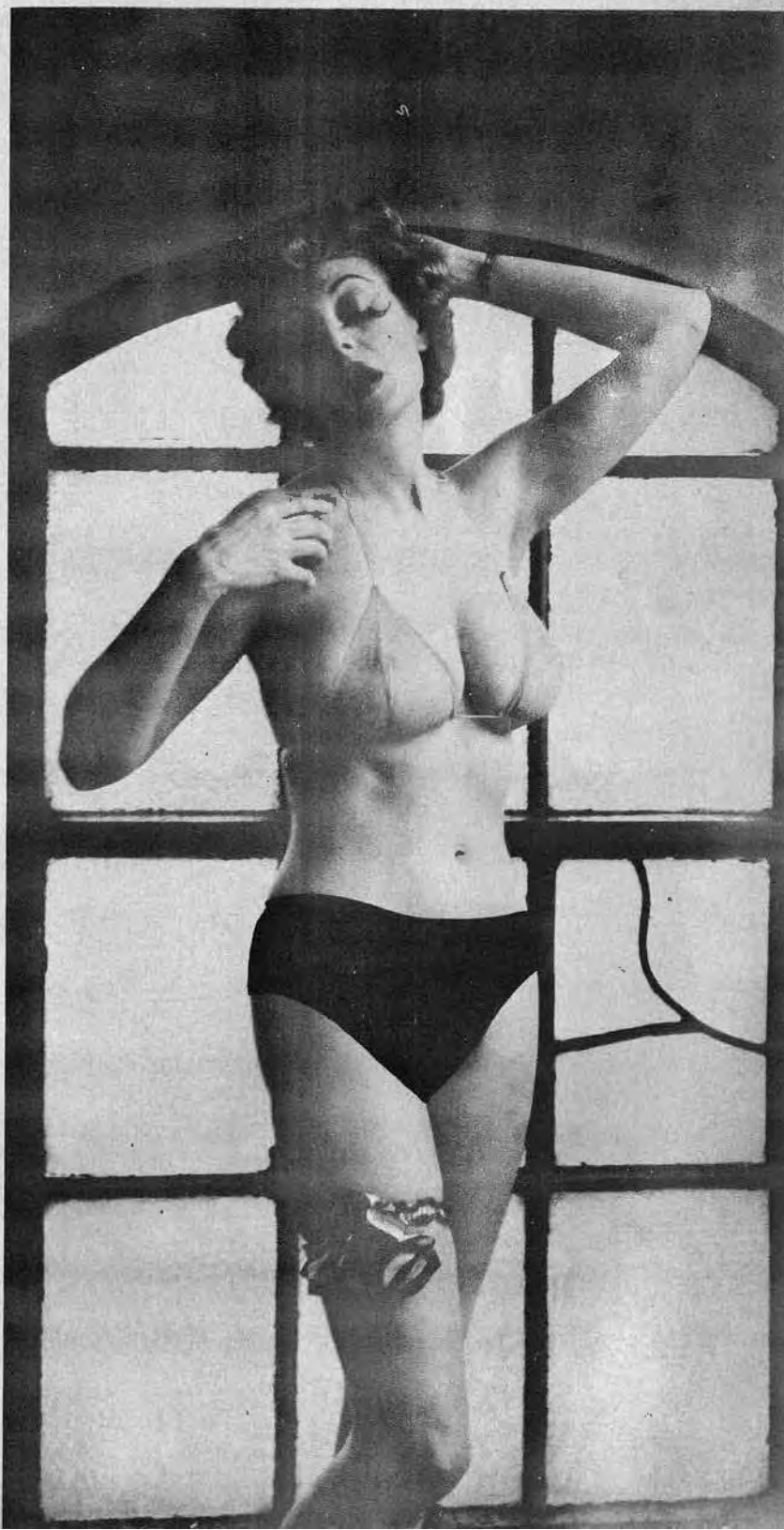
I asked her how she got the part.

"Well I didn't have to audition for it nude, if that's what you mean. The producer saw a picture of me, a nude, and was quite satisfied." At this point Miss Archer began fitting her more than adequate charms into the small brassiere, a feat of no mean dexterity. "No one saw me nude," she continued, "until the night before the opening in Boston." She stood up, placed the plume helmet on her head and checked herself once more in the mirror. "Oh, by the way," she said, "if you can you should interview the girl who had the part in London, she did it without the G-string."

It was time for her to go on, and I accompanied her to the wings. A few moments later she was on stage. Miss Archer was impressive to say the least. There she stood, an imposing figure, symbolizing all the glory that was Britain, from Hastings to Gallolipoli, from the Valley of Death to El Alamein. As Sir Lawrence says in his part as a down at the heels English, music hall comic "*Britannia rules the waves, but never waives the rules.*"

Long live Britannia!!

Jeri told our reporter that when the play was running in London, the gal who had the part of Britannia played it real cool . . . no G-string at all. (It'll never happen here!)





Jeri isn't quite sure where she's going to go from here. Until she gets a speaking role in a play there doesn't seem to be much chance of her getting ahead as an actress. After all, just how many Britannia parts are there?



## THE STRANGE CUSTOM ON THE ASTEROID

*(Continued from page 18)*

had read about in histories. It was a rather curious feeling, almost as if I had been transplanted back three hundred years to the Twentieth Century. I was curious about a lot of things, not the least of which was the woman. A rather commanding personality, she was also quite handsome, and extremely young for a leader. She dressed pretty much in the Twentieth Century style. The full swell of her bosom was covered with clothing, but her legs were bare to the knee. The side of her gown was slit pretty far up the side, and as we sat talking I could see a good deal of the smooth, satiny flesh of her hip and thigh. I must say I was rather fetched. I rather began to regret that the practice of sex has so gone out of fashion, due to the new methods of procreation. It occurred to me that it must have been a charming custom.

But I had other questions to ask, and when she got through finding out about me I began to quiz her. They had come, she told me, from Earth during the great Twentieth Century population boom. At that time, you remember, the terrific increases in population had necessitated colonizing other planets. This particular group had somehow wandered off its course and ended up in the asteroid system, about the year 1990. They had, even in those days, some rudimentary atomic equipment. It was not too difficult for them to burrow this cavern in the asteroid, set up a self-contained oxygen system with the vegetation they had brought along. Since the entire asteroid was metallic, there was little difficulty in setting up factories to manufacture their needs. The biggest problem, of course, was conservation. All metal had to be used again and again. Nothing was allowed to disintegrate.

I began finally questioning them about their customs. It appeared that they still procreated in the old-fashion-

ed way, by the coming together of the sexes. The custom amused me, and I said so.

"What?" she said. "You don't make love?"

"Oh no, nobody does that any more."

"Then how do you have children?"

"Oh," I said, smiling condescendingly, "that's done in the plants with hormones and what not. I'm not enough of a chemist to explain the whole process."

She looked at me quite astonished. "Then you mean you're a virgin?"

"That means a person who has never, as you put it, made love? Yes, I suppose I am. Everybody is nowadays, don't you know?"

She began to laugh. "How incredible! How simply marvelous!"

That annoyed me. She was taking a rather superior tone about the whole thing. After all, it was her antique 20th Century culture that was inferior, not ours. "I don't see why you need be so condescending," I said.

"My dear child," she said. "If you have never made love, there is a great deal of life that you know nothing about."

"Nonsense," I said testily. "Long ago we decided that sex was a fearful trouble-maker in the world. It has been outlawed. But I suppose since your culture has been so isolated you have not become aware of the new ideas. You will in time."

She grinned. "I doubt it."

"What makes you so sure?"

She poured us each another drink of the foul-tasting alcohol and leaned back on the sofa. "We have a saying, my dear fellow, which goes like this: if you've got to ask, you'll never know. In your case, it fits."

And then she began staring at me. "You're a good looking fellow, and big," she said. "After awhile we'll have to go out and meet some of our scholars. They're all desperately anxious to talk to you."

I was growing a little worried. "What do you intend to do with me?"

"Oh, we'll let you go. Anyway, I suspect that with your advanced weap-

ons we probably couldn't hold you anyway."

"That's so," I said.

"All we really want out of you is a means to establish contact with the rest of the universe. So far we haven't been able to find out exactly where we are in relation to the Earth."

"I might be able to help you out," I said. "I know you'll be interested in seeing our superior culture."

And then I noticed that as I was talking she was slipping the gown from her shoulders. I was surprised. Of course in our culture we don't permit that sort of thing. There is no real reason why people should see each other's bodies. And I must admit I was surprised. In a moment she stood quite naked before me. I was curious. I knew, of course, how women were constructed; but I had never seen one close up naked before. And I began, as I stared at her, to get a funny feeling, a feeling I had never had in my life, a sort of light, delicious feeling. I did not know what it was; but I was enjoying it.

She walked toward me and stood in front of me. "In a little while, as I say, we're going out to face the scholars. But first I'm going to give you a little present to take back to your advanced culture. It may be illegal now, but once your people try it, I have a feeling that it won't be illegal long."

"Well, I doubt that," I said. But I wasn't thinking very well. Somehow her naked body was confusing me. I didn't know what to do. Then she sat down beside me on the sofa and put her arms around me. I had never had a woman touch me that way before. The sensation was incredible. I began to grow giddy, and helpless. "Here," she said, "touch me here."

I didn't want to; but I couldn't help myself. I was in the grip of some new emotion I did not understand. If this was sex, I could see why the older peoples had had so much trouble giving it up. It was a powerful thing. I touched her breasts, and then her waist, and then the skin of her thighs

*(Continued on page 38)*

# JACK AND THE MAN-TAMING GIRL

He was rough, tough and one of the wildest  
guys in town. Betsy had to play it pretty  
cool in order to get him for her own.

by  
**Sherman Conn**

**J**ACK LESTER was a bull. I mean a real bull. He had a neck as big around as an ordinary man's thigh, he stood six feet tall, and he had shoulders like an ox-yoke. Not that he was a physical culture type. His waist wasn't thin, but more barrel like. Even with his height he gave a kind of squatty appearance. And strong? My damn, that man could lift up the rear end of a car all by himself. There wasn't anything he could not do in the way of feats of strength. People often told him he ought to go into wrestling or weight-lifting, or something like that. But Jack wasn't interested. The hell with it, he always said. What he wanted was a good time: which meant liquor and women, especially.

*(Continued on page 38)*





*While Jack stood, weaving  
and bellowing like a wound-  
ed bull underneath her win-  
dow, Betsy leaned out half-  
undressed and began to  
calm him down.*



Good sized boats (like the Century shown here) come as both in-boards or out-boards. Either way, they provide healthful fun for as many as ten people at one time.







# *The Powerboat for You*

Latest, and greatest, recreational gimmick around is the medium-sized power boat. Best of all, it's not too expensive for you to own!

by  
**Clinton Hamilton**

**F**OR THE PAST fifteen years more or less as the crow flies, the fastest growing segment of the American economy has been that devoted to supplying us with fun and games. Sports which before the war were the private domain of rich men or half-crazed enthusiasts have taken hold on the imaginations of millions of people who fall into neither category.

Of the uses for our new found leisure, perhaps none surpass the booming interest in water sports. There are a lot of reasons for this, the most important of which are probably the fact that (1) there is a lot of water in America which people are not drinking and (2) girls look wonderful in bathing suits. And water

*(Continued on next page)*

## DOWN THE HATCH: OR THE POWERBOAT FOR YOU

*(Continued)*

sports have come to mean more and more to a vast number of people, boating. From the simplest rowboat up through the sailboats and onto the majestic yachts, boats are moving out of the yards in car-lots. It may just well be that you too are ready for the briny deep. If you are like most people, it will be a powerboat you are after. In which case, pay strict attention.

The first and most important question you must ask yourself is what are your reasons for wanting a powerboat. There are, believe it or not, good and bad reasons. The bad reasons include a desire to see yourself accoutred with a yachting cap and handsome girl; they also include an ancient yearning to brave elements, and a number of other emotional challenges of a like nature. If this is so, you had better stick to the Whale Bar; powerboats are not for you.

The reason for this is simple: a powerboat involves a considerable expense, not enough to discourage the genuine enthusiast, but an expense worth noting. And in the second place, boating is not a part-time hobby. A boat cannot be put away in the attic like a parchesi set when you are tired of it. You must have enough genuine love of the sport to put up with the not inconsiderable chores of caring for the beast. That is unless you can hire somebody to do the job for you, in which case you have enough money to skip this article. It is not for you.

Boats must be cleaned and painted at least once a year; they must be stored. They must be put into and hauled out of the water. And they must be used reasonably often, or else you'll never get your money's worth of fun out of them. Therefore, if you are considering buying a powerboat, think twice. Do you really want to go to the trouble involved? The best trick, if you can manage it, is to get friendly with another owner. Offer to crew for him, offer to help him out with some

of the dirty work. You'll get an idea of the time and effort necessary, and even if you become discouraged yourself, the man will be grateful for your help.

Okay, let's assume you have finally decided that a boat is for you. You've got salt in your veins and the breezes in your heart. The next question is: what kind of a boat?

There are essentially two kinds of powerboats: inboards and outboards. Up until recent years, the inboards were the only thing. A guy bought an outboard only because he couldn't afford the other kind. However, times have changed. For all practical purposes, short of yachts, the outboard is the most useful craft. The reasons are many; for one thing, the outboard motor saves space. An inboard, naturally, is inside the boat. It takes up room. Furthermore, the smells and nuisances concomitant to an internal combustion engine are right in there with you. Furthermore, outboards are more economical to run, and precisely to the point, more economical to buy. Therefore, unless you are looking for something especially grand, an outboard is your meat.

The next question of course is cost. You can't buy anything you can't pay for, that's perfectly plain. But before you go into this matter, you want to find out what you're going to use it for. In the first place, what kind of water is available? If you're near to some of our great seaways, you're going to want something that's capable of moving about on them. Sure, you can have a lot of fun with a little motor-powered rowboat, but face it, after watching the boys move out to sea away, you're going to be pretty dissatisfied with something small. On the other hand, if your nearest water is rivers and creeks, you'll prefer something small so you can get in and out of tight places. Same goes for lakes. If you're near a large lake you'll want something big enough to open up; if the lake is small, you don't want to pay for power you can't use.

Now, consider your use. Are you going to be cruising overnight? Are

you going to use the boat solely for fishing, or for taking you to good duck hunting spots? Or do you want it frankly for a place to take you and the blonde out where you can be alone with a bottle of Teacher's Highland Cream? There's something for every use; consult your pocketbook.

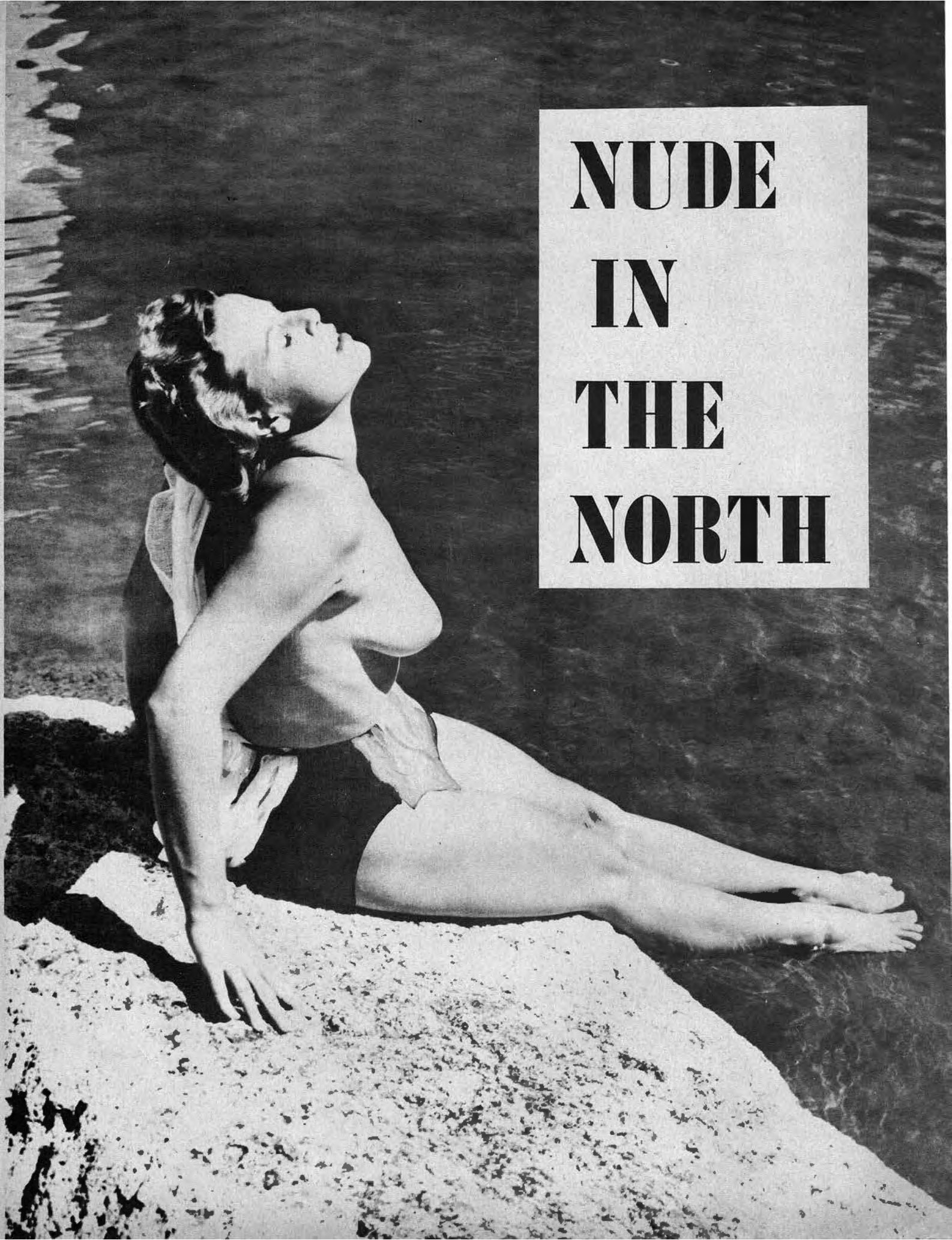
The cheapest kind of outboard you can get hold of is a rowboat with a motor mounted on the back. With a little judicious shopping around you can pick up a hull second hand for as little as \$25. This kind of a bargain is usually going to require a good deal of work in the way of scraping, painting, caulking, replacing of broken seats, and so forth. But for the man low in purse, it's worth it. A good lightweight motor will run you well under \$200. And if you can pick up something on the second-hand market, you'll save that much more. A rig like this is perfectly suitable for inland fishing. In fact, you don't want much more. Remember, you're always looking for a minimum of upkeep for your use. The smaller and less complicated the boat, the less work you'll have to do on it.

Okay, let's suppose you want something more imposing. And you will if you live near a sound or estuary where you can get into open water. The next step upward is the hull designed for motors running from 30 to 50 horsepower. This is essentially an open boat, with perhaps a small windscreen, but usually without a steering wheel. That is, you steer it in the traditional manner by the tiller on the motor. A boat like this will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$400. Aluma Craft has a good one, and there's the Arkansas Traveller which falls into this category. The boat is big enough for a little running around on open water, but is more especially suited for use on large lakes. Facilities for sleeping and camping are not included; these hulls are too small for spending long periods of time on. A suitable motor will run somewhere around \$500, although you can get by with less, say one of the Evinrude

*(Continued on page 53)*



**NUDE  
IN  
THE  
NORTH**



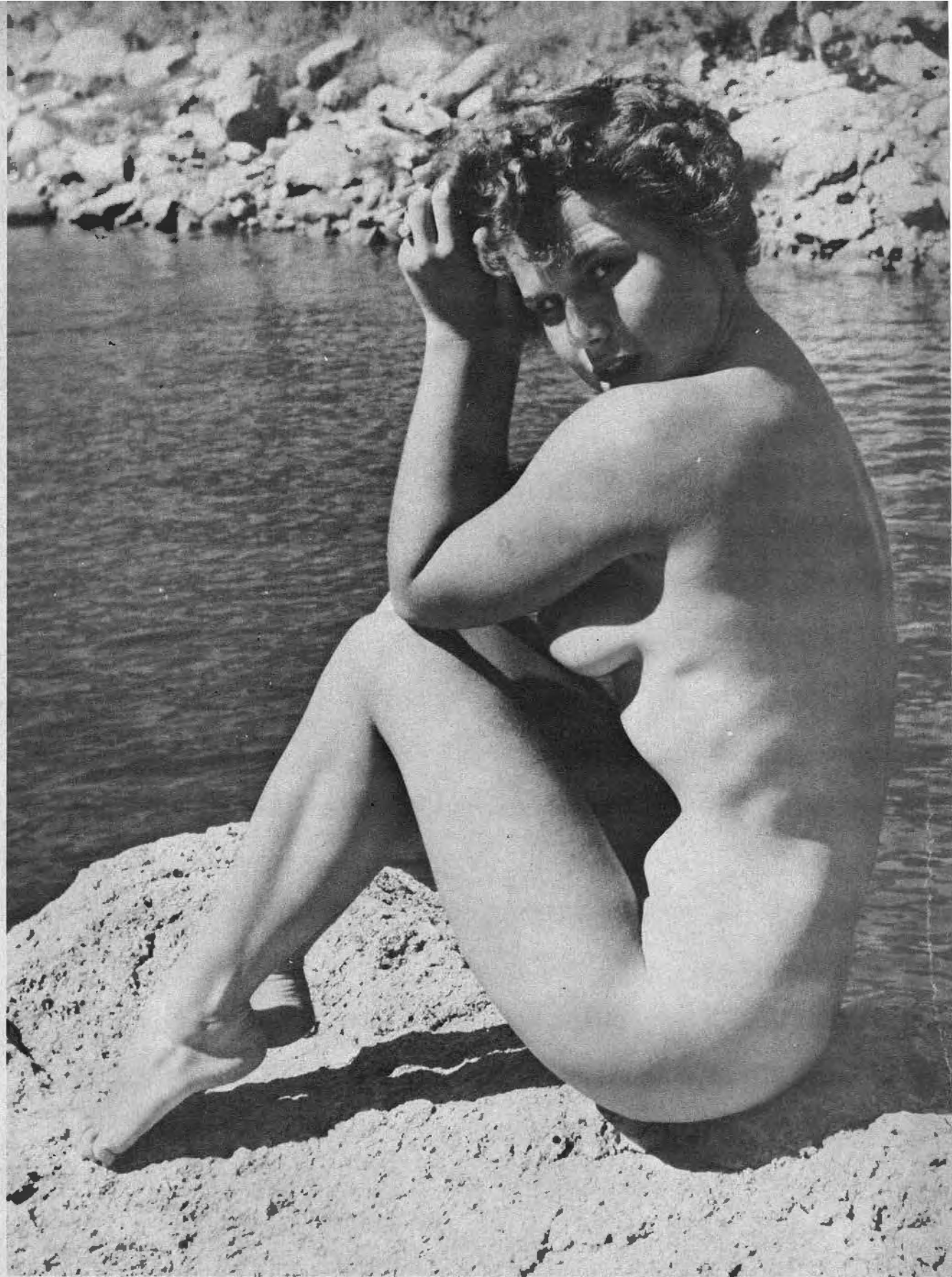
*Sexy Suzi came to Alaska just last summer on vacation from her New York City job as secretary to a Mad Ave. Ad exec. She liked the pioneer state so well she decided to settle down here for good. (Besides, the men outnumber the girls more than 15 to 1).*



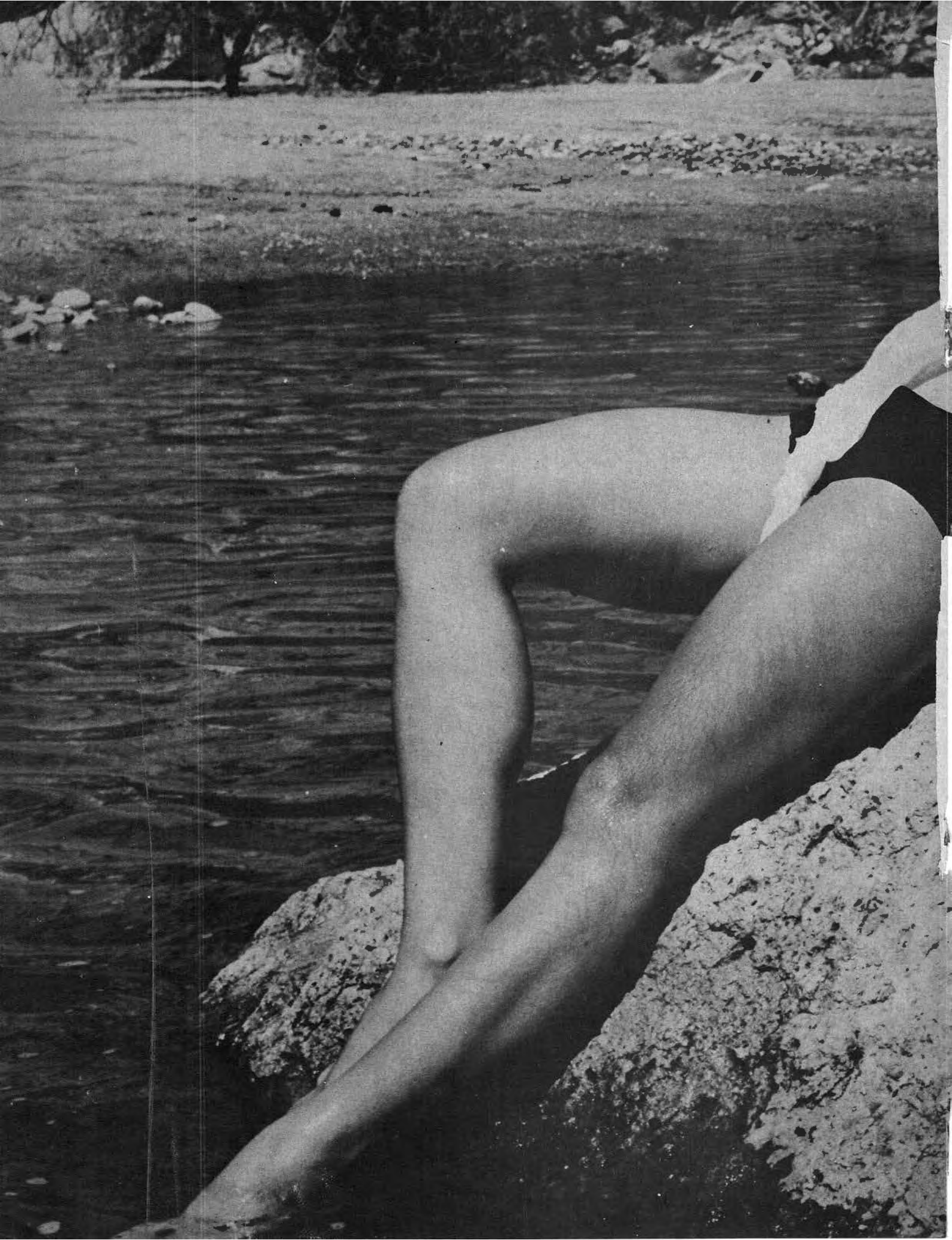
*Little Suzi isn't really a native Alaskan. She was born in Brooklyn in 1937. Counting on both hands and feet plus an earlobe it comes to 21 years old this month. Like many other Brooklyn girls, her hair is a deep, rich, brunette.*







*It's obvious from her curvy (38-24-36) figure and lithe (5' 6") lines that Suzi never had date trouble back home. But now she's certainly assured of plenty of male attendance 15 times over the admiration she had in New York town. Anyway, what guy could resist her warm brown eyes in Alaska's cool climate?*



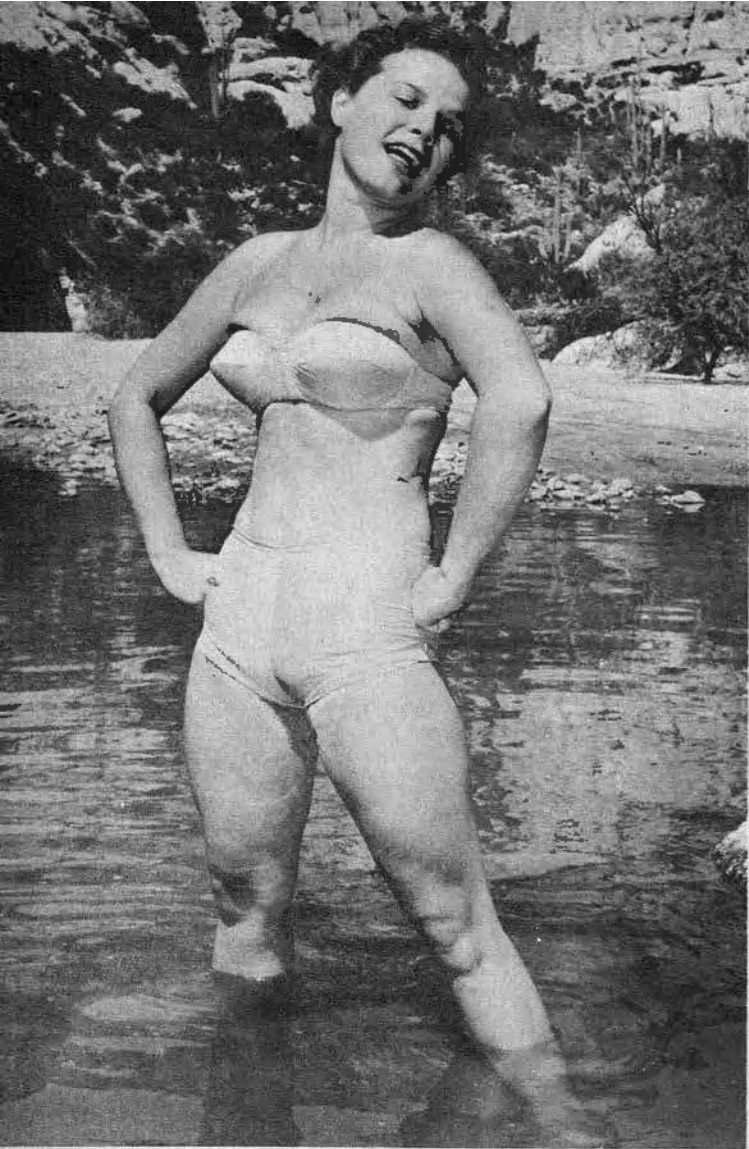




## *Mermaid of the Month*

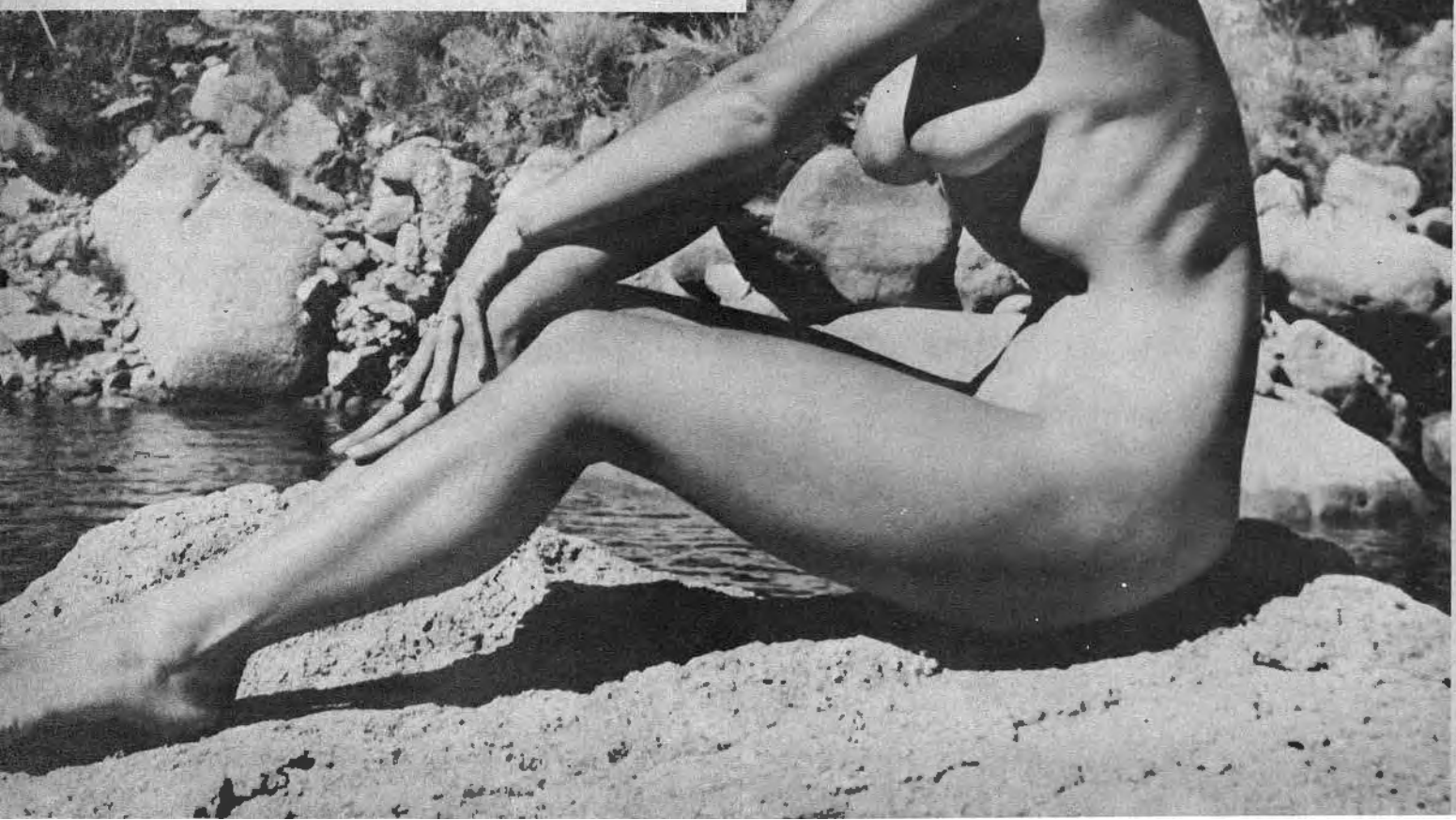
*"You won't find any prettier Mermaids anywhere on this earth, or in the seven seas, than the ones that swim in the Gulf of Alaska where the water is cold and crystal clear."*

ANONYMOUS YANKEE FISHERMAN C. 1813



*Suzi is also all in favor for the wide-open spaces that our newest state has to offer. She told our reporter that Alaska is the first place she's been able to sun-bath in the nude without anyone bothering her ... except a couple of bear cubs.*

*"I've never been happier," says the seductive Suzi, "since coming to Alaska. Most 'state siders' (that's us) think the weather is frightfully cold here but as you all can see it's almost 95° today. Of course it is summer now. But still ... it's great!"*





Did you ever ask yourself...

# WHY CAN'T I STOP SMOKING?



## HOW SMOQUIT WORKS

**B**reaking the cigarette habit is extremely difficult. It isn't just a matter of will-power. Many determined, strong-willed men and women have tried and failed. If we look at the facts and see what effect tobacco has on the body and on the nervous system, we will readily understand why most people are unable to give it up.

All smokers who inhale absorb some nicotine in the blood stream. This nicotine first excites and then depresses the nerves. To the habitual smoker this constant nerve stimulation and subsequent relaxation becomes an overpowering force.

All smokers acquire another powerful drive which compels them to light and smoke cigarette after cigarette. It is the simple physical act of smoking itself. An habitual smoker needs the action of holding a cigarette and puffing on it. Take away his cigarette and the smoker doesn't know what to do with his hands and feels a constant need to put something to his lips.

These factors of nicotine craving and the almost reflex action of smoking itself are so strong that many sincere men and women find giving it up an almost impossible task. It answers your question: "Why Can't I Stop Smoking?"

## NOW YOU CAN STOP SMOKING

The development of the amazing new smoking deterrent called SMOQUIT may mean that thousands of men and women can now be rid of the smoking habit. SMOQUIT has two basic features with the purpose of first removing the craving for nicotine and then satisfying the physical movements needed so badly by inveterate smokers.

First: By the aid of a little pill, the craving for nicotine common to most smokers is minimized. This tablet works simply. It contains one ingredient which excites the nerves. Then it has another slower acting ingredient which relaxes and soothes the nerves. SMOQUIT Tablets imitate the action of nicotine *without the harmful effects of nicotine*. It even tastes like tobacco! You can swallow, chew or let these tablets dissolve in your mouth, whichever you prefer. SMOQUIT does not affect the taste of anything you eat, drink or, for that matter, smoke. These tablets are completely harmless, non-habit forming and pleasant to take. Most people need three tablets a day for only five days, but SMOQUIT is so safe you can take a tablet as often as you feel you require it.

Second: To compensate for the habitual action of smoking itself, we have developed a Smokeless Cigarette, which is an effective substitute for the chain reaction of reaching for and puffing a cigarette.

This imitation cigarette looks and feels like a real cigarette. You puff it like a real cigarette. When you have an irresistible urge to place something to the lips—at the theatre, at work, at home or anywhere—reach for the Smokeless Cigarette. You will find it extremely pleasant, cooling, refreshing—and satisfying. It is a great help to the person who is trying to cut down on cigarettes. But together with SMOQUIT Tablets, it offers a complete and effective aid to the man or woman who is

sincerely trying to stop smoking. The smoking habit is strong and compelling. Many people with strong wills and character have tried and failed to stop smoking. But today, with the help of SMOQUIT Tablets and Smokeless Cigarette, there is no longer any excuse for people to remain slaves to this habit.

## UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Therefore we offer you this unconditional guarantee. Try once again to break the smoking habit—this time with the help of SMOQUIT. Follow the simple directions. In only ten days **YOU MUST STOP SMOKING** or return the unused portion and we will refund the \$2.00 purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to free yourself from the slavery of smoking—at our risk.

So if you are sincere—and want to stop smoking, there is no longer any valid reason for delay. Fill out the coupon below and be free again.

Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of SMOQUIT on written request.

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**Mercer, Arundel & Co., Ltd., Dept VM-8**  
125 E 46 St., New York 17, N.Y.

Send SMOQUIT Tablets and Smokeless Cigarette to me at once. I must be completely satisfied in only 10 days of use, or you **GUARANTEE** my money back upon return of the unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$2 (Cash, Check or Money Order) send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2 plus postage charges on delivery.

A.P.O., F.P.O., Canadian and Foreign—No C.O.D.; Add 50¢

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

## JACK AND THE MAN-TAMING GIRL

*(Continued from page 26)*

The girl, on the other hand, was little. I mean little; just about five feet four, with the cutest little figure you ever saw. You know what I mean. A nice little whatchamacallum cute as a button sticking out behind, and the other things just a fine fit for a girl her size. There was no wonder Jack went for her. A lot of other guys had gone for her too. None of them had got anywhere with her. Oh, I don't think she was a virgin or anything. I guess she'd been around enough to have had a go at it from time to time. But the way it looked, she had cut that out when she was younger, maybe around nineteen or twenty. I mean I can't prove that; it's just that I know damn well none of the guys around were having any luck with her. I guess she was just playing it smart.

She was twenty-five, she liked a good time as well as the rest of them, but she wanted to get married. I can't prove that, either. It just seems pretty likely, women being what they are and all.

Her name was Betsy Pangler and she and Jack took up with one another. I mean not regular. Jack was the kind of guy who took a roll in the hay at least once a week—at the very minimum. "I git broody and can't work when I don't git it once a week," he told me a couple of times. I've seen it, too. Like one time he was on the road for a couple of weeks coming in from California, hitch-hiking all the way, and when he hit town he was like a raving maniac. But that's off the story.

Anyway, him and Betsy used to go out Saturday nights, and maybe once in between. They couldn't go out regular, because Jack had to get that roll every once in a while. But they went around pretty steady. Jack used

to pick her up at Frankie's where she waitressed on table and they'd go down to the dance maybe, or just go into a bar and drink beer and play the juke box, or maybe go for a ride in a truck, if Jack could borrow one off of some one of the companies he drove for occasional. They used to have a pretty good time together. Sometimes I'd see them laughing up a storm someplace, kidding each other, and making jokes and all. It looked like fun to me, and I couldn't see why Jack wouldn't marry her. I figured that she'd marry him all right.

But maybe it was the money. Jack didn't make any whole hell of a lot. He worked around, doing this and that, sometimes helping in hay season, or picking apples in the fall, or doing some loading down at the ice plant. In between times he'd drive trucks for whoever needed him. He wasn't irresponsible, mind you. He just liked to get a job that would last only a couple of weeks, and then quit and spend up

## COMING NEXT MONTH...

**A TITILATING TALE OF THE TORRID TOILS OF A BACHELOR TEACHER... IN  
AN ALL-GIRLS SCHOOL! YOU'LL REALLY ENJOY READING: TEACHER'S PETS**

## THE STRANGE CUSTOM ON THE ASTEROID

*(Continued from page 25)*

and hips. It was a lot softer than a man's, and I was surprised. The only skin I had touched before, of course, was my own.

And yet it felt good; it was pleasurable. I touched her some more, stroking the skin with my fingers. I was confused and bewildered; but I didn't want to stop touching her.

"Now," she said, "take off your clothes."

Well, of course that upset me a good deal. Why should two people want to

show each other their bodies? And yet I wanted to. And finally I decided that there was no point in trying to resist. I was only following the custom of the country—and my own desires. So I undressed. Then she told me to lie down on the sofa, and she lay beside me. For some time we lay there holding each other in our arms, and feeling our skins touching. It was a lovely feeling. And I had the idea that there was still something to be done, but I did not know what. "What do I do now?" I said finally.

"Wait," she said. "I'll show you." And she did.

Later on, I felt wonderful, full of a

kind of rapture I had never experienced. And humble, too. For it was true that they knew something on the asteroid that the rest of the world had forgotten. I also knew that when I returned to Earth I was going to try it again. I figured that it would be difficult to get a woman to do it with me. It takes a woman, of course. But I also was sure that once I had gotten the idea across, a lot of people would start doing it. And then perhaps the laws would be changed. So much for the better, too. I think this thing is a custom which ought to be revived.

**The end**



his money on a good time. "What the hell," he used to tell me, "you only live once." Well, any damn fool knows that, but Jack looked like he was trying to do all his living in one year. Of course he was only about thirty. He had time yet to settle down. And I guess maybe Betsy Pangler wasn't going to be in any hurry to marry him unless he could make some steady money.

It was a funny thing about her. She didn't go out with other fellows much while she was going around with Jack. Oh, she might go out with somebody every now and then, but it was mostly so he wouldn't take her for granted, I guess. But she never seemed to mind that Jack was having a lot of other girls on the side. I guess she just figured that it had to be that way. There was no holding Jack down if he wasn't getting it regular, like I say, and maybe she figured it was better that way. Like if he went out with one of the chippy girls around here on Friday, she'd have him kind of calm and ready to laugh it up on Saturday.

But I knew it was eating at Jack. "Buddy," he told me, "I sure like that little girl. I'd sure like to give her a regular turn. But she ain't having any."

"Why don't you marry her, Jack?" I said. "What the hell, you got to get married some day. You might as well make it somebody you like, before you get shotgunned into one of these floozies I see you with."

"It ain't that, buddy. I'd just as soon marry her right now. The only thing is, she's trying to tame me." He tossed off the little bit of beer he had at the bottom of his glass and we had another. "Yup," he said, "she's trying to tame me. Course there's the money thing, too. I don't make no big wad; but I figure I make enough for us to git by on. I figure once I was married I wouldn't be spending up so much dough on them chippies and we'd have it to live on. It ain't that." He shook his head. "She's just trying to tame me. She just wants me to cut out my wild ways. You know, give up fast driving and fist-fights and gitting

drunk and rolling around town hollar-ing. I can't see it, buddy. I figure you only live once."

"You said that already."

"Yeah, I guess I did," he said. "But it still holds true. What the hell, if a man can't ramble a couple of nights a week, what can he do? I mean I ain't ready to set around of an evening drinking pop and reading the comics out of the paper."

And so there it was. And I wondered about it quite a bit. What was going to happen? I couldn't figure it. But I didn't guess it was going to go on all the time the same.

Well then about this time Jack got a job hauling a trailer truck up to Detroit. He made it up there in a couple of days, and he was all set to go rolling around the town, but then he remembered he didn't have any money and wouldn't get any pay until he got back into the town. So he hopped into the truck and ran her back to town, and went around for his pay. But the minute he got there they put him on another truck for Denver. Of course he didn't have to take the job. But he'd never been out to Denver and he wanted to see what the town looked like. So naturally he got out there without any money either, and he had to wait until he came back to town again before he had any money for going out tomcatting.

Of course I didn't hear anything about this until later; then Betsy told me about it. I wouldn't have ever known if she hadn't. Jack wasn't much likely to tell me. Anyway, when he got back in and collected his pay it was Saturday night. He had his regular date with Betsy. And the upshot of it was that he hadn't got himself fixed right for eleven days. That was pretty near the longest time he ever went without, except for that time he hitched in from California. Well the thing was, he was pretty crazy.

He told Betsy that. "Honey, I can't go on this way. I'm going out of my mind, you know that. Let's get married."

"Well I know, sweetie," she said, just as cool and sweet as ice cream,

"but I just don't want to marry with a wild man. I want my husband to be kind of calm and quiet."

"Well, you know I ain't that way," Jack said sorrowfully. "What the hell am I supposed to do about it?"

"You could try, honey. You could try. I mean maybe you'd get to where you liked it."

Well, Jack didn't like it any. He didn't understand it either. "Look, honey, you like to go out and laugh it up just like me. What do you want to tame me for?"

She shrugged. "Well, you know, honey, maybe what you really want is to be tamed. Otherwise why would you keep going out with a girl like me?"

"Damn it, that don't have nothing to do with it. I just like you, Betsy, I don't aim to get tamed by you."

"Well, then you don't aim to get married to me, neither," she said. She was a pretty spunky kid. Jack could have busted her in half with an arm. But she spoke up to him without worrying about it.


Anyway, the upshot of the whole thing was that Jack decided he might try. No more helling around at night, no more tipping over outhouses, no more fast driving, only two or three drinks in the evening, and that sort of thing. It wasn't like him at all. But remember he hadn't had a good roll for a long time; he was about ready to promise anything.

So Betsy said, "That's wonderful, Jack. But I'm not going to marry you just yet. Not now. I got to wait and see if it really takes. Then I'll know for sure if I want to marry you."

Jack didn't like that a bit, but there wasn't anything he could do about it. Maybe he figured if he could stick it out long enough to get Betsy to marry him, he'd be able to bring her around a little—after they were married.

But it was rough on him. And I have to say the boys around town didn't help any. They hooted him whenever he cut out from the bars and went home. "Where you going, Jack?" they shouted. "Home for your Oval-

*(Continued on page 52)*



In the eighth chapter of Shirley's spicy memoirs, we learn how she finds out the hiding place of... Moiling Burslow. And what a place it is!

*When at last Shirley found out Moiling's secret hide-a-way the poor cat was caught, but good!*

*L. P. Smith*



# DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL

by  
Hogan Brown

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17

DEAR DIARY:

It's been a drag around here for the past month. I mean a drag. I mean it's hardly been worth living. You know how it is just before the real summer comes. Nothing going on at all, and you start thinking you wished we'd have an earthquake or a fire or something just to liven things up a little. You know how that is. But I guess that's over with. It's beginning to look like we're going to have an earthquake. What I mean! I mean not a real earthquake of course, you can't plan on a real earthquake. Although I guess if I were forced to tell the truth, (I always say it's best to tell the truth, unless there's a good reason for lying), I can't plan on the kind of earthquake we're having either. His name is Moiling Burslow and he's a singer. I mean, Dear Diary; I mean! You must know about Moiling. He has out this big record *Knock Me Knock-knee Baby*, it's a real swinger, what I mean! Groovey. I mean a real gas. He's also got, this Moiling Burslow, long hair that he flops around when he's singing; and when he plays the guitar he jumps around shaking his hips and all. The grown-ups say he's obscene. Well if you want to know the truth, he is and that's why all the kids go for him. I mean suppose he wasn't obscene, who would want to listen to him? I mean, what a drag!

(Continued on next page)

**DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL,**  
**Chapter VIII**  
**THE HIDING PLACE**  
**OF MOILING BURSLOW**

*(Continued from page 41)*

But anyway, the big point is Moiling Burslow is going to be around. I mean he's playing right here in town for two days. Imagine that, Dear Diary. And you know me. I guess I'm going to go down and there and play with him for two days—if I can. Only of course the only trouble with that is, every other girl in town has the same idea. But I guess I'll think of something. I usually do.

**THURSDAY, JUNE 18**

DEAR DIARY:

Moiling Burslow is coming this afternoon. I didn't have too much trouble finding that out. I just went down to the theatre and hung around, pretending I was waiting for a friend. After awhile the manager came out of the box-office looking frantic. "Jesus Christ," he said, "the slob is getting here in the afternoon. Where am I going to hide him until show time?" I had a good idea of where he could hide Moiling, but I figured I better not say anything. I mean it wouldn't do to get anybody's suspicions aroused. And besides I didn't think Daddy would let me hide Moiling in my room.

**FRIDAY, JUNE 19**

DEAR DIARY:

Well, he came. You know who. He came driving up in this groovey pink Cadillac convertible, wearing a little cowboy hat and a pink leather jacket. What I mean! You never saw such a thing. He drove right up to the theatre, and stopped. I guess every girl in town was there. You could hardly breathe. I mean they were all shouting and screaming, you'd think they never saw a man before. I mean it was just awful, all that crowd. I couldn't even get anywhere near him. Can you imagine that, Dear Diary? I mean with

all those girls pushing in at him and everything. I should think the poor boy would get just disgusted, the way those girls behaved. It certainly made me mad and disgusted. I mean I couldn't get anywhere near him. But even at a distance he looked so sweet. I mean a real pretty face and all, and kind of slim and wiggly. I guess it would make any girl get the colley-wobbles to look at him. The good colley-wobbles, I mean.

So anyway, the manager came out and they just slipped him into the theatre and shut the doors and that was the end of that. I went home. I mean who knows where they were hiding him? So I figured what I would do is eat dinner early and go down later to the theatre and see if I could find him. But I'm not so dumb. Every other girl in town would be thinking the same thing. I had to get a plan. Some kind of a plan. Any kind. I mean I figured if I could get near him, I'd be able to—you know, everything would work out. But he's a hard man to get near.

So anyway, I went home and then the worst thing happened. Moms caught me just as I came in. "You'll have to meet your father at the station," she said. "I'm simply too tied up."

"Oh no, Moms, I just can't," I said. "I have to eat and rush right out."

She gave me this look. "Where are you going in such a hurry?" she said.

I certainly wasn't going to tell her the truth. I mean of course you should always tell the truth, unless it's just out of the question. And this time it was out of the question. "I have to go see Mabel Guernica about something," I said.

"Well, Mabel can wait. You pick up your father at the 5:31. That's all I have to say."

Well I could see she was in no mood for arguing. I had to go. It kind of cut into my plans, I have to say. Of course I would get to see Moiling Burslow at the theatre and all, but that wasn't what I wanted. The thing I wanted was to see Moiling Burslow in his room. But where was

his room?

All the way down to the station I thought about that. They must have hidden him away some place, but where? I mean you know, they always hide these celebrities away some place. The only thing is, this isn't a very big town. There aren't too many places to hide a celebrity. I mean there's the Judson House, that's our hotel, which isn't very big, and then there isn't any place else. I figured they wouldn't hide him in the Judson House. Everybody knew about that and they'd be sure to go looking there. So they must have hidden him some place else.

Anyway, I got down to the station a little early. What with thinking about Moiling all the way down I guess I got going pretty fast. The train wasn't going to be for nearly ten minutes. So I pulled the car up to the cab-stand and sort of parked, you know, just sitting there.

And then I just happened to look down the back road by the station. And way down there was this sort of flash of pink, kind of under the trees. Moiling's Cadillac. But what would that be doing down by the station? So I thought about that, and what I figured out was this: they hid the car down here out of sight and took Moiling off to wherever they were keeping him. I looked at my watch. I wanted in just the worst way to go over and have a look at the car. I mean touch it and all; that would be something at least. I mean I could always say I was in Moiling's car. I wouldn't have to say he wasn't in it at the time.

But the thing was, there wasn't any time. I mean here came the train and all. So I just sat there getting mad at Daddy and Mums for goofing me up this way. I mean you would think anybody's parents would want her to have a good time. Not the way they look at it, though. So the train came in and Daddy got into the car and I kind of backed out of the station, and then I got this idea. It wasn't much of an idea, but I guess any idea is okay if it works. So I said, "Daddy,

*(Continued on page 58)*



# LOSING YOUR HAIR?

**Amazing Medical Discovery From West Germany  
Result of 14 Years of Baldness Research!**

**NEW! NEW!**

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in Europe — Now a  
Sensation in America Too!



**Renowned West  
German Medical Doctor  
Develops Scalp  
Conditioner That  
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Thicker Hair Growth**

The German medical profession has a long and honored tradition in medical research and accomplishment. Dr. Kurt Riethmuller, M.D., the famed physician of Gevelsberg, West Germany . . . many, many years ago in connection with medical associates undertook critical research in the field of baldness. By examining all previous medical literature and coordinating it with his own findings, Dr. Riethmuller undertook years of scientific laboratory tests . . . studying and re-evaluating the causes of baldness . . . and what could be done to combat them. After 14 years, medical research paid off in the perfection of MEDUCRIN! Dr. Riethmuller's formula actually sweeps away layers of dead skin that stifle hair growth . . . Meducrin penetrates deeply in the hair follicles themselves, removing waste tissue . . . aiding revascularization . . . stimulating the hair follicle. In short, if there is any life remaining . . . Meducrin prepares the scalp for regrowth of hair! At the same time, dandruff, thinning of hair, itchy scalp and tightness are improved immediately.

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HAIR . . . AN UNHEALTHY SCALP  
GROWS POOR HAIR . . .  
AND FINALLY NO HAIR!**

Perhaps you are starting to lose your hair and have noticed one or more of the typical symptoms that all too soon lead to baldness — hair thinning at your temples or on top of your head, excessive dryness or oiliness of your hair and scalp, tightness and itch of the scalp, dandruff, excessive hair loss . . . or perhaps you have been told that you are suffering from alopecia areata and there's nothing that can be done for you. **DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!** Something can be done! Something **WILL** be done if you let miraculous MEDUCRIN help you as it has helped so many other bald and balding people "for whom there was no hope." MEDUCRIN can give you a healthy scalp with a thick growth of hair once again. It can check the symptoms that lead to baldness if neglected. It can increase the life expectancy of your hair. It can improve your appearance, end all self-consciousness about your lack of hair — and give you a bright new outlook on life. MEDUCRIN can do all these things because it has been doing them for years — is doing it right this very minute — for many folks who had actually surrendered to baldness!

**MEDUCRIN HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY USED IN THE TREATMENT OF THE FOLLOWING TYPES OF BALDNESS: ALOPECIA AREATA, ALOPECIA SEBORRHOIC, NON-CICATRICAL ALOPECIA**

**NO COSTLY OFFICE CALLS!**

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**NOTE TO DOCTORS:** Many doctors and dermatologists are now using Meducrin in Patient treatment. Doctors, clinics and hospitals engaged in working on scalp disorders are invited to write for additional literature on Meducrin.

**Dr. Kurt Riethmuller, M.D. Discoverer of MEDUCRIN, says,  
"Millions of Men . . . and Women too . . . Can Still Save  
Their Hair . . . By Proper Scalp Hygiene . . . By Combatting  
The 5 Danger Signals of Baldness!"**



**TOTAL LOSS  
OF HAIR  
DUE TO  
ALOPECIA  
AREATA**

**NEW HAIR  
GROWTH FOR  
MR. W. B.**



See what it did for Mr. W.B., who had tried all kinds of treatments for 7 years without success. Look at the new hair growth after three weeks with MEDUCRIN!

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1. Excessively dry hair and scalp
2. Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp
3. Dandruff
4. Tight, sore, itchy scalp
5. Excessive hair loss as revealed in your comb or brush, in your receding hair line, in thinning at the crown

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WON'T WAIT  
ACT NOW**

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" . . . I am very happy with the results from using Meducrin. I use it myself, one bottle for dandruff and falling out hair. The dandruff disappeared after one bottle and the loss of hair is less." Dr. M. R., Ohio (who has also been using Meducrin for his patients.)

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## THE DARK RED HAIR OF THE PIERCE-ARROW

(Continued from page 11)

couple of times, and then blew on one end. Nothing happened. I shook it again. Then I looked at the end which had come off the tank. A few scraps of dried leaves showed in the aperture. Catching them with my fingernails I pulled them out. "Just as I thought," I said calmly. "Leaves in the gas line. You must have left the cap off sometime and a leaf drifted in."

Her mouth was open. I could see she was shaken. She grabbed the line from my hands. "Let me see," she said. She examined the leaves. Then she looked at me again. "How did you know that?" But her tone and manner was softer.

I shrugged. "It just sounded that way to me."

"Oh," she faltered. "I—I apologize for being rude. I guess you were right" Plainly it was costing her a good deal of effort to admit to a man that she had been wrong.

"We're all wrong sometimes," I said gently.

She looked down at her hands. "Yes. I suppose we are." She was thoroughly chastened. "Uh—would you like a

sandwich?"

"Sure," I said. So we sat down in the warm sun on the running board of the car and ate her sandwiches. She sat close to me, and when we had finished with the cheese and bologna I very cautiously put my arm over her shoulders.

She allowed it to remain there. Emboldened, I touched her hair. "Lovely," I said. "Just lovely." I lifted a handful of the soft silken stuff and touched my face to it. As I did so I noticed what was curious about the color. It just matched the deep red leather of the seats of the Pierce-Arrow. I almost laughed. Had the girl bought the car because it matched her hair?

But then she put her head on my shoulder and I forgot about the Pierce-Arrow. I turned, took her gently in my arms and kissed her. She kissed back. That was nice. I enjoyed that. So feeling the sap rising in my veins, I put my arms under her soft thighs, picked her up and carried her into the field beside which our cars were parked. There I set her down in the sweet smelling hay. Her eyes were closed, and she clung to me kind of sleepily. I lay beside her, my hand working almost of its own accord up under her

flannel shirt. I touched the soft flesh of her belly and her breasts. She was even finer than she promised. "You're wonderful," I said.

Her eyes still closed, she murmured sleepily, "You know, I always said I couldn't fall in love with a man who didn't know more about my Pierce-Arrow than I did. I didn't ever think I'd meet him."

Inwardly I thought, you haven't met him yet. She'd have to find out some day—but not yet. I began unbuttoning her flannel shirt. She lay back in the grass her arms over her head, her eyes still closed, completely relaxed, allowing me my will. I spread the shirt open, bearing her lovely uptilted breasts and then I fumbled open her dungarees and pulled them down her legs. Her soft belly, her thighs, her hips lay naked to the sun—and my body. "What was it," she murmured, opening her eyes, "that appealed to you about me?"

"Your hair," I said. "Your body, but your hair most of all."

And then I was undressing myself, and she was moving, waiting for me...

Later, we lay side by side in the hayfield, talking softly. She seemed a little sad, I thought. "Are you sorry?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No... but..." "But what?"

Suddenly she sat up and stared at me. "I have to tell you the truth," she said. "I can't lie to you any more. My hair is dyed."

"Dyed?" I echoed hollowly.

She nodded. "I—I dyed it to match the leather of the car."

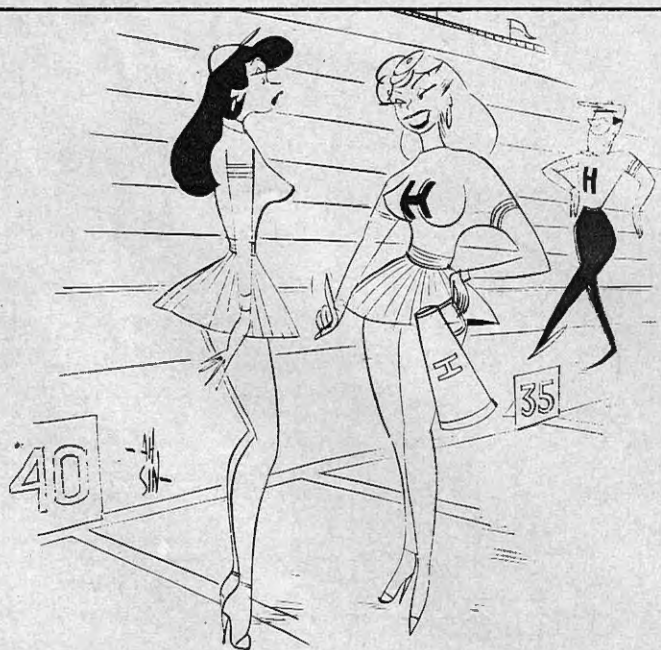
And then I began to grin. "So," I said. "You fooled me."

She looked at me anxiously. "Are you sorry?" she said.

I shook my head. "There's something I have to tell you," I said, grinning. "It appears that we're even. I was the one who put the leaves in your gas tank."

She gazed at me for a moment, and I held my breath. And then she too, burst out laughing.

The end



"Just be on your guard when he teaches you the locomotive."



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**HIGH STEPPERS** — Tall, tall heels, designed to make your ankles look tiny.

Black patent, sizes 4 to 10, AA to D, each is

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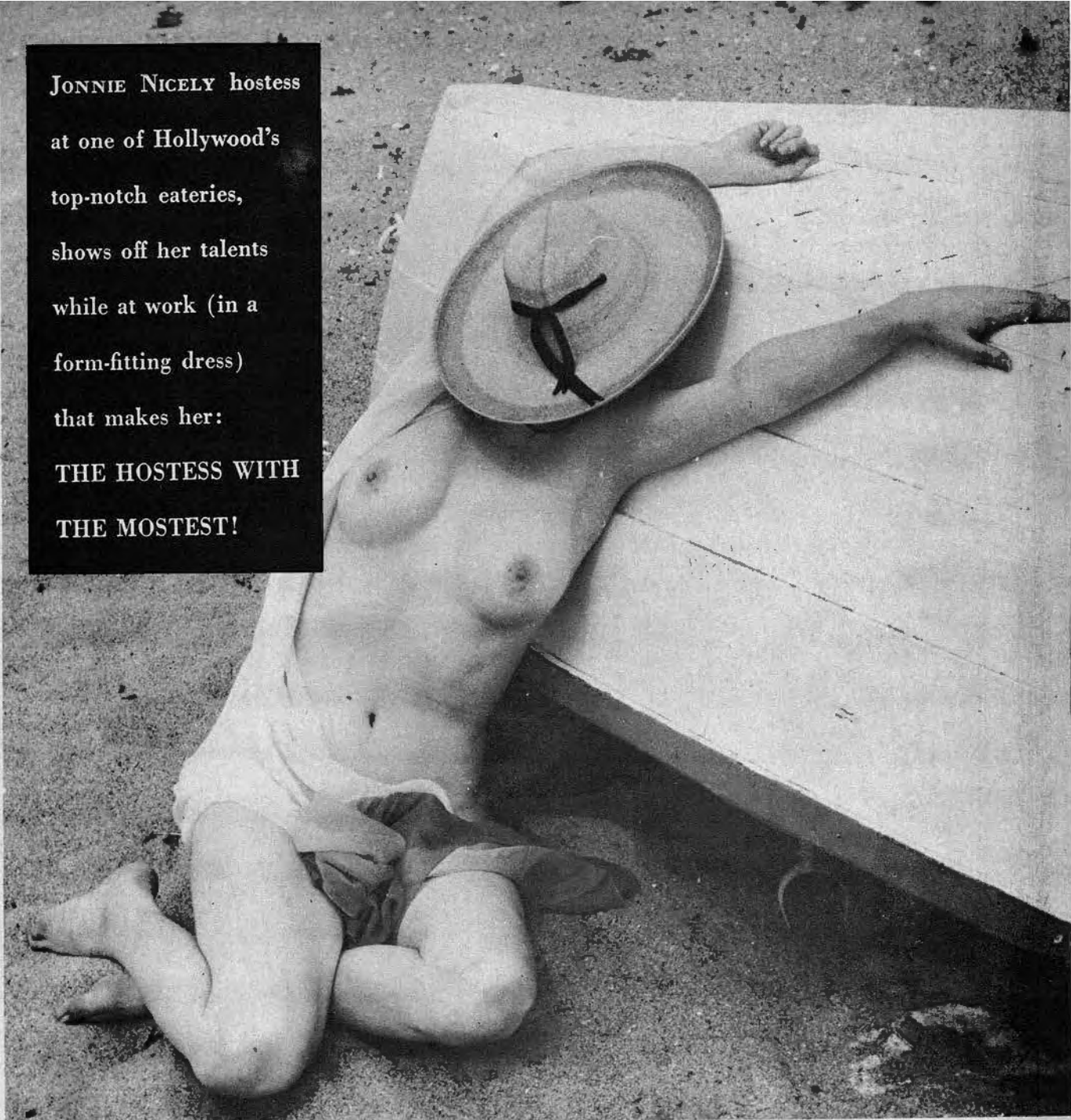


*When Jannie Nicely escorts male patrons to their tables at Vic Wilson's Casa Blanca Restaurant in Hollywood, many of them run smack into the wall while watching her fantastic 38½-23-37 figure lead them along.*





JONNIE NICELY hostess  
at one of Hollywood's  
top-notch eateries,  
shows off her talents  
while at work (in a  
form-fitting dress)  
that makes her:  
**THE HOSTESS WITH  
THE MOSTEST!**



**JONNIE NICELY:**

# **THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST**



*It's not only the figure that gets the guys in trouble it's also Jonnie's bright blonde hair, her deep, green eyes and her statuesque height of 5' 6".*

*Ever since hiring 21 year old dollie, owner Vic Wilson has noticed a 40% increase in business. "Most of the time though," says the restaurateur, "the guys don't even know what they're ordering. My hostess is much too mostest!"*





# PORTABLE TRANSISTOR RADIO

## FOR ONLY \$7.95

**No Tubes To Replace! Nothing To Plug In.  
Plays Beautifully On One 10c Battery!**

**GUARANTEED TO OUT-PERFORM ANY RADIO  
IT'S PRICE-AND-SIZE IN THE WORLD TODAY  
OR MONEY BACK!**

The most fabulous radio value ever offered! A precision-engineered, American-made transistor portable with amazingly beautiful tone! So tiny in size, it fits in the palm of your hand... so big in entertainment value you'll never want to be without it wherever you are, whatever you're doing!

It's small, it's good-looking, it plays like a dream! Gives you incredibly loud, clear reception.

Called the PP-T Transistor Portable, this amazing set actually plays for a thousand hours on just one 10c battery! That's almost 3 hours of non-stop playing per day, every day for a full year... a cost of about a penny a month!

The PP-T is new, it's different, it's practical... and the cost is so amazingly low, you will hardly believe it in this day and age... truly a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to own a transistor portable at such an incredibly low price!

Just imagine the thrill! You turn the dial and immediately... no warm up, no waiting... you hear music, news, sports programs as loud and as clear as a bell!

It's really amazing! At home, at work, at play, a personal, transistor portable right at your finger-tips!

It's so tiny you can tuck it in your shirt pocket just like a pack of cigarettes... carry it in your handbag just like a compact! Enjoy it at home, take it to the ballgame and other sporting events, bring it along on vacations, picnics, to the beach, on dates, wherever you like! Your family will love it, your friends will be amazed, the kids will gasp in astonishment at the fabulous performance and handsome good-looks of your wonderful PP-T... and of course they'll ask...

### HOW CAN A TRANSISTOR RADIO COST SO LITTLE?

The PP-T Portable Radio is new, different, precision-made in vast quantities by one of the pioneers in the transistor field. There is no high import duty to pay because it's American made! Ingenious, time-saving production techniques and an amazingly simplified electronic circuit make it possible to bring you the PP-T Radio at such incredible savings! Fewer parts, less labor costs through more efficient assembly, and you save the big difference!

### BRILLIANT ENGINEERING MAKES THE BIG DIFFERENCE!

Your PP-T is a marvel of engineering ingenuity. For example, you know that the heart of our aircraft, guided missile and communications systems is electronics. Scientists, in their never-ending search for newer, lighter and more powerful radio components, have employed two fabulous devices.

**Both are featured in the PP-T.**

One is, of course, the miracle transistor you've heard so much about! It's a tiny, electronic device smaller than your fingernail, and yet so amazingly effective, it takes the place of bulky, complicated radio tubes and outlasts them many, many times over!

Then there is the germanium diode... an electronic component being used by the Army and Navy in Radar and Sonar. This ultra-sensitive device has the incredible ability to pick radio waves right from the air!

Instead of the cumbersome, parts-packed radios you are accustomed to, now you have a magnificent transistor portable smaller than a pack of cigarettes, lighter than a deck of cards, less expensive by far than even the cheapest imported transistor sets you can buy! That's the secret...

### EXCLUSIVE ELECTRONIC CIRCUIT FOR BETTER LISTENING!

Your PP-T is a tiny personal portable incorporating the very latest design features! It comes with a tiny electronic ear speaker and that's one of the big advantages! You put the ear speaker in your ear and your set is truly personal!

At home, let the rest of the family make as much noise as they want to! You hear your popular programs clearly, perfectly! At sport events, let the crowds roar! You hear perfectly. At night, listen to your personal portable as late as you like. You won't disturb a soul! Whatever you're doing... even on the job... you can enjoy sporting events, good music, and dramatic shows without disturbing anyone else.

That's a positive fact! You aren't buying promises... You are buying results! The PP-T is beautifully designed... It's beautifully made! It plays like a dream! It's an instrument you'll use and enjoy for years and years to come!

And now this wonderful set is available to you... a rugged, all-purpose portable... handy, compact, good-looking! A wonderful set, a wonderful value, at a price you just can't afford to miss out on!

### THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

We've told you how the set works. We've shown you how it looks. We've detailed the reasons why we can bring it to you at such an incredible saving. We know that if we could attach it to this magazine page so you could see it, feel it, hear it play, you'd buy it in a minute! But because that isn't possible, the only way you can know the thrill of hearing it and seeing it, is by actually sending for it. And since we are so anxious for you to do just that, we make this special...

### 10 DAY NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Send for your PP-T transistor radio now! If it isn't more wonderful than we say... if you aren't amazed at the value... if you aren't delighted at the low cost... if you and your entire family aren't thrilled at the fantastic performance, don't keep it!

Simply return this radio to us for a complete refund! For the few pennies your home-trial has cost, you've had the satisfaction of seeing it, using it and showing it to your family and friends.

We make this offer because we know once you hear this radio, once you use it, you'll never want to be without it!

Why not take advantage of this wonderful opportunity right now? Why not give yourself the satisfaction of at least finding out?

So don't put it off. If you'd like to try this wonderful little radio, make up your mind now! Don't hesitate or delay because supplies are limited. Simply fill out the coupon right now and mail it at once. Or better still, stop in today!

THIS IS THE "MIRACLE" TRANSISTOR — THE GREAT  
ELECTRONIC INVENTION THAT REPLACES COSTLY TUBES!



**PP-T  
TRANSISTOR**

**DON'T BE CONFUSED!** This is the first time the PP-T Personal Portable Transistor Radio has ever been advertised! Don't confuse this precision-made transistor set with weak Crystal sets. PP-T is the product of a large, experienced radio manufacturer... a specialist in transistor sets whose superb engineering skills, technical, know-how and vast production facilities have combined to bring you what is unquestionably the finest radio value in the world today.

### NEVER A TRANSISTOR VALUE LIKE THIS:

**Tiny in Size — Tremendous in  
Performance  
Compare These Outstanding Features!  
ONLY \$7.95**

- **Precision Engineered** — for amazingly fine tone and volume — "the most for the money" in a transistor radio.
- **Transistor Amplifier** — designed to outlast tubes many times over.
- **Tiny, Button-Type Ear Speaker** — for completely private listening.
- **Handsome Polystyrene Case** — with rich gold-toned radio Grill hardly bigger than a cigarette case. Beautiful and expensive looking. Small enough to slip in shirt pocket.

- **Selective Tuning System** — with special Hi-Q Ferrite Slug Tuner for remarkable selectivity.
- **"Clip-Tenna"** — Handy antenna can be clipped to many common metal objects—pipes, posts, telephone dial, radiator, screens, auto-trim, etc., depending on where you happen to be!
- **10c Battery** — Plays up to 1000 hours non-stop. Drain so small you don't even have to turn set off if you don't want to. Case snaps open for easy access to battery.

**Remember — PP-T is not a weak, old-fashioned crystal set, but a beautifully engineered and manufactured, transistorized radio, guaranteed to outperform any radio its price and size in the world — or your money back!**

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Send for your PP-T now! When your radio arrives in a few days, examine it... listen to it. Let your family and friends hear it. If your radio doesn't play clearly with beautiful tone... If you and everybody who sees and hears it isn't absolutely convinced in every way, that this is by far the finest radio value ever offered, don't keep it! Return it at once for complete refund, no questions asked!

You must be absolutely thrilled with this purchase in every way, or it doesn't cost you one single penny!

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Cardiff-Hall Electronics, Dept 664

480 Lexington Ave., New York 17,

Cardiff-Hall Electronics, Dept 664

480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

**Rush my PP-T Personal Portable Transistor Radio at once! If I don't agree this is the most wonderful radio value ever, I will return my set for a complete refund, no questions asked.**

☐ I enclose \$7.95 on money-back guarantee. (You pay all postage charges).

☐ I enclose \$14.90 for two PP-T radios. (One for me, one for a friend). I save \$1 and you pay all postage charges.

(Please Print Carefully)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$7.95 plus C.O.D. postage and handling. Same money-back guarantee, of course!



## THE PLACES WHERE LOVE IS FREE—AND EASY

(Continued from page 15)

She was wearing a tight green sweater, somewhat faded from many washings, and a dark skirt. A red and yellow kerchief knotted around her neck added a touch of color to her appearance. Her jet black hair was bare.

She took me then to a restaurant, where I bought her a shrimp and rice dinner and some glasses of wine. Afterward we had a couple glasses of a devastatingly poor brandy. Under the impact of the food and liquor, the best she had seen for some time, she began to cheer up. She laughed a little, and told me stories of her youth. Her face grew gay and animated. She was without question a charming little creature, embittered in the first flush of youth by her hard life of the previous four or five years. I was quite captured by her gentle grace and her anxiety to see that I was enjoying myself.

Finally the meal was over, and we could linger no longer. We stood and walked out into the street. Here we stopped. "I would like to go with you to a hotel," I said. "But I will not pay you, and you are under no obligation to go if you don't want to."

She looked at me, and then she touched the brass on my suntan collar. "Of course," she said. She moved close to me, until she was touching my chest. "What is dinner without—dessert?"

The last—and perhaps best of all places in the world for a young man of desires and no means is the Samoan Island group in the South Pacific Seas. Consisting of Pago Pago, Savaii and Upolu, the area has been a charmed spot in the hearts of seamen for centuries. Yet despite the publicity it has been given, including Margaret Mead's famous sociological studies, it remains much as it is. Certainly the European culture has made inroads. In some places the old cultural rites have broken down. But much remains the same. The lovely, happy, childlike

girls are as beautiful as ever. Golden-skinned, dark-haired, slim of limb and hip, they show their small erect breasts at an early age, and very rapidly go on from there. Of all places I had wanted to visit, Samoa was the one that had captivated me most. I got the chance a few years ago when a recession-hit business I had been working for handed me my severance pay and a large accumulation of profit sharing checks. Most of the money went for plane fare; very little was needed on the Islands.

The point about Samoa is that sex is considered a fit and proper occupation for young people—until they are married. After that they must hew to the straight and narrow. But until then they may do precisely as they like about the matter. They are, in fact, encouraged in their happy behavior. A man, after all, wants an experienced lover for his wife.

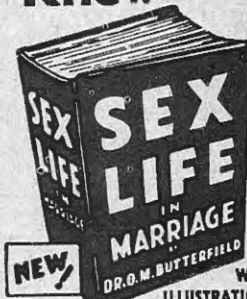
I touched down, then, at the city of Apia, hired for a dollar a day a beat up Ford truck, and headed along the palm-lined dusty road to a village on the opposite side of the island, hauling with me a couple of bottles of whiskey and some cigarettes. My arrival in the village was greeted by a group of young people, ranging from babies up to men and women of sixteen and seventeen. They rushed shouting out of their thatched bamboo huts, surrounded the truck, and began jabbering at me in pidgin English. Most of them wanted a ride in the truck. However, I intended to be circumspect. I smiled at them all, waved them off, and then took a canvas, a set of paints, and an easel out of the back of the truck. I wandered down toward the edge of the beach and set up the paints. Needless to say, I know nothing about painting. But the Samoans were not critics either. I spent the remainder of the daylight daubing at the canvas and then when night fell I got out a bottle of whiskey, a tin cup of water, and sat on the sand by a palm tree looking at the beautiful beach and getting a small bun on. All the while the young Samoans hung around me, not willing to disturb me, but anxious to

(Continued on next page)



## "If Husbands Only Knew—"

"Best manual to give."  
—Ohio State  
Medical  
Journal



If husbands only knew how much they are missing they would not wait another moment to read "Sex Life in Marriage." Many men (even those who have been married a long time) don't get half the delight because they don't know the knack of sexual intercourse!

### WHO IS TO BLAME?

But this is not all. What of the wife? In all-too-many cases she is cheated out of her sex rights. The sex act becomes a one-sided affair. The husband thinks his wife is at fault. The wife thinks her husband is to blame. The marriage itself is in danger!

### TELLS WHAT TO DO AND HOW

Actually, both must learn exactly what to do before, during, and after sexual intercourse. In "Sex Life in Marriage," Dr. O. M. Butterfield gives detailed directions to both husband and wife.

Using plain words, this famous Marriage Counselor tells what must be done, and what must not be done! The "Secrets" of sex life are clearly revealed, husband and wife fall in love anew, the home is held together! Worry and anxiety disappear.

Sex mastery replaces doubt. Married life becomes doubly delightful because the joys of marriage are shared by both!

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Mail coupon for 5 days' free reading of "Sex Life in Marriage." If not delighted, return it. You do not risk a penny! Mail coupon now!

### LATEST SEX FACTS

#### Part of Contents

The Sex Side of Marriage  
Sex Organs—Details  
Disappointed Wives  
Need for Satisfactory Sex  
Life in Marriage  
Sex Rights of Married  
Couples  
The Female Sex Organs:  
Described and Explained  
The Male Sex Organs:  
Described and Explained  
Sensation-Providing Areas  
When Sex Power Fails  
Technique of Sexual  
Intercourse  
Effect on Wife: on Husband  
Sex Intercourse Must be  
Learned  
When Husband and Wife  
Cannot Keep Pace  
Frequency of Intercourse  
The Right to Refuse  
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When a Child is Wanted  
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Truth About Birth Control  
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### SEX CHARTS AND EXPLANATIONS

Female Sex Organs, front and side views . . .  
The Internal Sex Organs . . . The External Sex  
Organs . . . Entrance to Female Genital Parts  
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HEALTHCRAFT, Inc., Dept 680-L

247 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.

Send me "Sex Life in Marriage" in plain wrapper marked "Personal." I will pay \$1.98 and few cents postage on delivery. I MUST BE DELIGHTED or I will return book within 5 days and you will refund purchase price. (I am over 21 years old.)

Name .....

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☐ CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose \$1.98 with coupon, thus saving delivery charges. (Same Money-back Guarantee, of course.)

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## THE PLACES WHERE LOVE IS FREE—AND EASY

find out what I was doing. But as it grew dark they drifted off one by one to their homes, until there was only one girl left. She plainly was interested in me, and I beckoned her to come over and sit by me. She wore a saronglike affair wrapped around her middle, which concealed most of the swell of her bust, but allowed a length of judiciously formed leg and thigh to stick out below.

At my gesture she came over and crouched beside me. I looked at her, smiling. "You like to go for a ride in the truck?" I said.

She nodded. "Okay," I said. I rose, picked up the whiskey bottle, and we made for the truck. Then, consider-

ing, I stopped. "What about your father?"

She shrugged. "He don't care. Okay for me to go. He like me have good time."

That seemed reasonable enough. We got into the truck and I drove about five miles along the beach to a quiet, isolated spot. Here I stopped the truck and we got out. "All right?" I said. "You like it here?"

She smiled softly; and then, with her lovely brown eyes fixed on mine she began slowly to unwrap the sarong. Gently I set the whiskey bottle on the sand where we could both reach it, if need be...

That was Samoa. There are other places I might speak about, but these are places I have not yet been. Malaya, I understand, has its charms, and then

there is the Mediterranean island of Cyprus. Someday I hope to visit all of these places. Then perhaps I can fill you in further.

However, the foregoing is a good starting point. The main difficulty with all of them is their inaccessibility. But this is also their charm. Life hands nothing to anybody on a silver platter. Getting there is not easy, or necessarily cheap. But once you are there, money becomes a small problem. The American dollar is a force in the world. A man with five hundred dollars in his pocket can reach any of these places—and do extremely well for himself once he is there. What, after all, is five hundred dollars—compared to the rewards available?

**The end**

## JACK AND THE MAN-TAMING GIRL

*(Continued from page 39)*

time?" And they all got to seeing if they could get him to take another drink. "Come on, Jack, I'm buying, it's free, you can't hardly turn down a free drink, can you?"

But he stuck with it. "No, boys, I'm going, thanks all the same." You see he was being just as polite as pie. He wasn't supposed to get into any fist fights, you remember. Just behave himself. That was the whole thing.

He didn't say anything about it to Betsy, either. Didn't complain, just went on as if he loved every minute of it. But Betsy wasn't fooled. I know. She told me. It wasn't any of my business of course, but once when I was having a pie and coffee at the restaurant I told her the kind of guff the boys were giving him. "It's pretty tough on old Jack," I said. "I know he'd like to take them guys by the scruff of the neck and toss them out of the joint."

"It's good for him," she said sweetly. "It won't hurt him none to see that behaving himself isn't so terrible."

"No," I said, "I don't guess it'll

hurt him none—unless he busts a blood vessel." I didn't think it was right of Betsy to do this. It was taking unfair advantage.

But Jack wouldn't let anybody talk against her. "That's the way she wants it," he said. "I aim to do it that way—if I die trying." I'll tell you, it amazed me. He stuck to it for a week, then another week, and into a third. In all that time he hadn't touched any of the chippies, he hadn't gotten into any fights or broke anything. It was a kind of a miracle. But I would have bet you then that it wouldn't last.

And of course it didn't. No man like Jack could put up with that forever. I knew the end was in sight one night when he came striding into the bar. His face was black as an old scab and he was really brooding up a storm. He had a drink, and just sat there nursing it. Wouldn't talk to anybody. And the boys took out after him again. "Come on, boy, have another Ovaltine before you go," they shouted. "Or maybe you'd like a cup of tea."

Well Jack just set there listing for about a half an hour, and then somebody said, "Well, Jack, I guess you get hitched up and we won't even see

you for one drink any more."

That tore it. Jack smashed his glass down on the bar, swung around, and started throwing the fellows out of there like they were logs of wood. I never saw so many hodies flying out the door at once. They couldn't hold him down. He just kept coming until the whole joint was empty except me and him, and I was ducked down behind the phone booth. Then he took a whole bottle off the shelf and began drinking it. It didn't take him long to finish it, either. About a half an hour, I should judge, except from where I was ducked down I couldn't see the clock very well. Then when he was finished with the bottle he busted it over the bar and strode out of there. He kept on walking right down the street to where Betsy Pangler lived in the room up over Emory's grocery store. Then he stood right in the middle of the street and bellowed like a bull. "Betsy Pangler," he hollared, "you can go straight to hell. I ain't going to be good no more. I'm going out and raise all the hell I want and you know what you can do about it."

And then suddenly the window went up and Betsy stuck her head out. It

*(Continued on page 54)*



## DOWN THE HATCH: OR THE POWERBOAT FOR YOU

(Continued from page 30)

13 hp jobs which will cost about \$100.

The next step upward is bringing you somewhere near the cabin class, although not quite. For example, there's the Bell Boy runabout with steering wheel up front, windscreen and other useful appurtenances which goes for something like \$900; or the Coronado aluminum job with twin cockpits, steering wheel and the rest of it which is about the same price. Beyond that, you'll need a suitable motor, say something like \$600. This is sort of the boat which most people go for. The price is not too bad if you can swing a quick GI loan, and the boat will do a lot of things. You can carry six or eight people comfortably, pick up a nice speed, and go out in fairly choppy seas to visit around. There's plenty of room for that picnic basket and the ubiquitous flash of Teacher's Highland Cream. The point to consider here is whether you are planning to use the boat for an afternoon's outing or something grander. A boat in this 11 footer category is fine for three or four hours. Beyond that your land-lubbing friends are going to wish for wider spaces to move around in.

And so that brings up the class boats of the outboard field, the cabin cruisers. These are, practically speaking, miniature yachts. They come arranged for sleeping two or four, can be equipped for cooking and more importantly, that post-prandial cocktail, and have room enough to move around a bit. This is the kind of boat which you can take for those long cruises, or simply for an all-day-and-part-of-the-evening jaunt on the water, without causing too much hardship for your friends. But it won't be cheap. A couple of thousand dollars is about as little as you'll get away with, and you can easily run up to twice that amount to get what you want. There are too many types to go into detailed lists here. Crosby has one in the three thousand dollar neighborhood, Cris-

Craft has them for both more and less; there are many types and prices to choose from.

But despite the price, the advantages are many. You can, for example, use the boat for a two-week cruise up and down the coast on your vacation. Two or three years of this and you'll have your investment back in pleasure. And since the cabin cruisers sleep at least two, you'll find it useful for convincing that girl to properly respect your seafaring lore. There is an enormous amount of pleasure in a simple overnight jaunt on the week-end, provided you take the right company. A good cruise picks up appetites, and you needn't ever leave the boat. When night falls you can anchor off shore, cool some drinks, heat up dinner on the cook-stove and sit under the stars singing the good old songs.

So you've bought your boat. And suddenly you become aware of a vast number of problems you didn't think of before. The first and foremost, and one you've got to give a lot of thought to is where you are going to keep it. If there is a yacht club you can join in the neighborhood, your problem is solved. But yacht club membership is not always cheap, and actually a great many of them have long waiting lists. Better, a friend may have land on the water where you can moor the boat. You don't need a dock; the boat can be anchored in the water in all except the roughest weather.

Failing anchorage, you're going to have to pull the boat in and out of the water every time you use it. This need not be as much of a problem as it sounds. The answer is a trailer rig and a piece of sloping ground at the water's edge. Trailer prices range from about \$125 to \$250. What you get will depend largely on the kind of boat you have. The trailer is arranged to be backed into the water; the boat, in effect, simply floats off it. To pull it out, you reverse the procedure. Once home, the boat is left on the trailer until the next use, although you may want to bring the motor inside for storage. Of course if you're operating

(Continued on next page)



### SHE'LL LOVE YOU FOR 'EM

Here is the nite time garment inspired by the fashions of the palaces of the near East, where often hundreds of women compete to attract one man.

### YOU'LL LOVE HER IN 'EM

Just notice how the soft lace of the top caresses her bare shoulders, softly encloses to conceal yet reveal. Then watch how the harem pants fall in sheer curves and folds from the hips to the ankles, teasingly caressing the thighs with each little movement, ever revealing startling new aspects of charms. Made of nylon in sheer bewitching black or daring, fiery, filmy red. Only \$6.95. Shipped in plain wrapper. State bust and waist size. Send no money. Order C.O.D. and pay postman on delivery plus postage. Save by sending payment. We pay postage.

Smoothee Co., Dept. PH-56 Lynbrook, N.Y.

## JACK AND THE MAN-TAMING GIRL

*(Continued from page 52)*

didn't look like she was wearing very much, except maybe her nightie, and that was cut low enough so that anybody could see all the goodies. "Come on up, honey," she said. "I got a surprise for you."

Well, Jack he was fit to be tied. Here he expected her maybe to start tossing things down, and she was inviting him. For a minute he stood down there thinking about it, sort of walking around in circles, and then he hollered up: "Okay, I'm coming up, but don't try to play no tricks on me."

So he rushed up the stairs and into her room, and there was Betsy stretched in her nightie on the bed just as pretty as she could be. "Come here, honey," she said.

He looked at her. "Ain't you mad at me?"

"Come here and find out," she said.

He was kind of suspicious at that. He figured maybe she had a gun hidden under the pillow, or something. But anyway he went over and sat on the bed, and she sat up and flung her arms around his neck and kissed him just as hard as she could, loving him up a little with her arms and all.

Well Jack he didn't know what to think, but he liked that all right. So when she pulled him down onto the bed, he just let her. "Be careful of my nightie," she said. "It's my best one and I don't want to get it messed."

So when Jack took it off of her he was real careful and hung it up over a chair. Then he kind of went back to the bed and just stood looking down at her naked body, those whatchamacallums staring back at him and all, and he said, "Listen, if you aim to stop me now you got another thing coming."

"Why, Jack," she said, "I don't aim to stop you at all. Shuck off your pants." So he did, and then he picked her up and twisted her around a little to get her where he wanted her, and then after that everything worked out

okay. I guess they were going at it for about five hours. And of course they got married after that, pretty soon. And lived happy ever after.

Of course Jack never did understand. He couldn't figure out what changed Betsy's mind so sudden. But I knew. Betsy told me. "You know, buddy," she said, "I couldn't never marry a man I could tame. I just couldn't respect him no more if I tamed him. The whole thing was, I just wanted to make sure I couldn't tame Jack. It was kind of like a test. I

admit, I got kind of scared when he was good for all those weeks. But I figured sooner or later he'd bust out. If he wouldn't of, I wouldn't of married him." Then she grinned. "But I was pretty sure he'd bust out. And he did, didn't he?"

"Yup," I said. "He sure did." And that was the last anybody heard about taming people; leastwise in Jack's family.

**The end**

## DOWN THE HATCH: OR THE POWERBOAT FOR YOU

*(Continued from page 53)*

with a rowboat you can simply toss the motor in the back of your car and pull the boat up onto the shore. In any case, the anchorage problem is sometimes tricky. You'd do well to investigate this thoroughly before you buy. Can you get into the water with your trailer? Can you anchor any place conveniently? And what are the rules and regulations governing local anchorage?

Besides the trailer, there are a number of other investments that are going to creep up on you unaware. If, for example, you are planning any sort of major cruising, you're going to need charts of the local waters, plus compasses, and a few simple navigating tools. You are also going to need what sometimes appears like an incredible amount of subordinate equipment. A big, powerful flashlight is an absolute must. Life-jackets, flares and other life saving equipment can't be done without. You'll also want to provide enough raincoats and other heavy weather gear to supply your guests. It's amazing how foolishly people can dress for going on the water. You'll want a heavy sweater apiece, to take care of sudden cold winds. Then

there's the question of the amenities. If you're a drinking man, you'll need an ice bucket and like sundries. If you plan long spells in open water you'll want one of the many portable toilet facilities on the market; especially if you plan to have women aboard. And what about cooking equipment? Plates, cups and silverware are musts here.

This listing only hints at the number of extras you are going to run into before you are through. Unless you are prepared to sink an extra couple hundred dollars into small but absolutely necessary items, you had better forget about it.

All of which leads back to the initial point. Powerboating is a wonderful sport; but it is not for the casual bystander. Unless your interest is genuine, and you plan to spend a lot of time with your boat, either in it, or out of it scraping the hull, you simply can't afford to buy one, no matter how cheap. But then of course if you are a real enthusiast, no power in the world is going to keep you from a boat sooner or later.

**The end**





# The BIG FAT FLAME

As told to Harry Mayer

by Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

The cabbie pointed with his cigarette to the car in front, "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us — a shiny 1959 model — had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he piled out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Startled, I turned to my companion. "Colonel," I demanded, "is this a plant?" He stared back at me, then he got it and he began to laugh. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, roaring as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject — spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Dollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run without spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose, — the war maybe? — and he smiled and said no, just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was an All-American mention at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as an engineer immediately after graduation. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero Award as Philadelphia's

most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pride of the Marines) Schmid. For a time he was personal pilot for Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter; he started the climb up to the brain brass, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was a newspaper file which informed me that the colonel was a triple ace!)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a



*"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 20 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force knew this only too well. I was commissioned to replace the spark plug with a modern efficient ignition system. I succeeded — with the Lectra Fuel Igniter. The Navy accepted it and took the spark plugs out of their aircraft replacing them with the prototype of our Lectra Fuel Igniter. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs" . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, U.S. Air Force, from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, January 8, 1958.*

task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim incident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had gone through murderous enemy fire, never made it to his safe hut a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low — no engine power to get the plane up quickly — and the trees that lay just short of the runway caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. . . . After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things — and accept them. . . . But Dollenberg couldn't accept it. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?", I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs — and that they haven't been changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000 horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help Grandpa toot around the square on a Sunday afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hadn't been an easy journey. Apathy, defeatism—a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joyride. Dollenberg spent long hours off duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returning to a young wife and family the colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had

(continued on next page)



begun to smart under the irritating competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was — with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the anachronism of modern engines — the spark plug. Starting again from scratch, he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force in the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, a big, fat flame!"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire — a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an air gap — .025 to .035 of an inch — and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large! Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then ruining, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger — and enormous expense — of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap — which contained no wire electrodes — whose tip would not foul — which would not blow out even at the highest compressions . . . which would never need a replacement for the life of the motor.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle — fine! Let's see it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. . . . Out went the spark plugs. The LS-702 Prototype was approved for U. S. Navy jet engine use; the Air Force followed suit.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story — the revolutionary change that a former fighter pilot had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dollenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to more than 300. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1957 Americans paid more than 500 million dollars merely to replace wornout spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and then super-super gas — at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year — they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dollenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the Igniter in the same size and shape as the conventional spark plug they were to replace. And big ones such as getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dollenberg was helped by the shrewdness of fleet operators whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running

triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit — and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the Lectra Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dollenberg about the Lectra advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner \$100 a year or that you will take back the igniters and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of from \$10 to \$12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will **never** have to be cleaned or replaced! I mean that we guarantee that it will **outlast the life of any car!** Not only that: we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to **6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas** purchased the first year and every year—or we will replace them free until they do. That's a saving of \$40 per year. And it will do this using **regular gas**—economy gas—not the super gas bought at such walloping prices. That means a saving of \$50 each year. And the Igniters will do this every year of the car's life — they improve with age. **They never wear out!**"

As Dollenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the bottom of this page.

I said to Dollenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how will I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniters?"

The colonel twinkled at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway — very seriously — please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the Igniters (very simple — by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb of the starter and an immediate even roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your motor kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for stalling in traffic, like that fellow did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the Igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can and does falter on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more

#### HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
Cleaning			
Gapping			
Replacing	several times a year	never	\$10 per year
Gas Consumption	600 gallons	465 gallons	\$40 per year
Additional cost of premium gas	\$50 a year	not a cent	\$50 per year
		<b>TOTAL SAVINGS =</b>	<b>\$100 per year</b>



swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaking with **unused** gasoline. Then try it with Igniters replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas **burned** instead of escaping through the exhaust. Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car, go into gear — or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how much the car moves forward if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and replace the Igniters. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the Igniters while not touching the gas pedal! The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with Igniters in the engine! One more final thing — with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the con-

I got up to go, convinced that Dollenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago, LECTRA ran a mail order advertisement in the sober New York Times. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the New York Times. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises — and if you don't send my money back if they don't

perform as you say — I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennsylvania man sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because — and here was the kicker **Uncle is a LECTRA customer!** A large U. S. Government agency, after field-testing 5,000 Fuel Igniters ordered **25,000 to replace every spark plug in a fleet of 3,000 key vehicles!**

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dollenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been presented both as an advertisement for the Lectra Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially do I wish to emphasize the words **public service**. It is flattering to be imitated, it is said, but since the invention of the Lectra Fuel Igniter, there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised.

We state, flatly and sincerely, that we can back every claim that appears in Mr. Mayer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows. It has been prepared from the research of one of the nation's leading Consumer Surveys:

#### RECORD OF PERFORMANCE — LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS NOTE—All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS

(Compiled from Consumer Reports and Field Tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1956	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

Nothing is as exacting — as compromising — as cold statistics. In the final analysis, nothing will prove to you the extraordinary benefits of the Lectra Fuel Igniter as its performance in your own automobile.

**Therefore we guarantee** (and stake our reputation and our business on this guarantee):

That Lectra Fuel Igniters must be everything we say they are, everything we have led you to expect. They must make your car perform as you never thought it would and on **regular gas**. You must IN YOUR OWN JUDGMENT get easier starting, faster pick-up improved economy (to conform to the table above) or you can return them after a 10 day trial and get back every cent you paid — without question and without delay. What's more — they must **continue to function** properly for the life of your car or they will be replaced until they do.

We've taken a lot of your time in presenting our story. Now there's nothing else to say; the rest is up to our Fuel Igniter. If you want to try them (bear in mind our guarantee) they will be rushed to you as soon as we receive your order. For your convenience we are adding a coupon to the bottom of this page. If you'll fill it out and mail it I can promise you the most exciting automobile experience you've ever known.

Sincerely,

*Leo P. Dollenberg*

Lectra Fuel Igniter Co. Dept. GK-17  
11 East 47 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Rush my Lectra Fuel Igniters by return mail on your money back guarantee.

☐ I enclose \$12.60 for 6 Igniters

☐ I enclose \$16.80 for 8 Igniters

☐ I enclose \$..... for ..... Igniters at \$2.10 each

☐ Send ..... Igniters C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay postman balance on delivery plus shipping charges.

My car is ..... year ..... make ..... model

..... no. of cylinders

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Zone ..... State .....

Ordinary plug with air gap on thin wire electrode — single short thin spark.



Fuel Igniters with surface conducted spark — the BIG FAT FLAME.



cept of **never, never** having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming **permanent** installations in your engine — for the life of your engine?

"Yet, with all this — believe it or not — I still haven't fully answered your question . . . How you'll use more air and less gas . . . the savings on your battery . . . increased RPM . . . how carbon — the enemy of spark plugs — actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as out-dated. Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question: What about Detroit, Col. Dollenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dollenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said: "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers. Oh, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these giants will all scrap their investments in the obsolete spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile — to put it quite candidly — there is, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate and while the big fellows are attempting to unload, LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said: "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be big enough to take care of ourselves shortly."

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## DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL,

(Continued from page 42)

I have to drive down to the back road for a minute. Mabel Guernica thinks she left a book there and I told her I would look at it."

So he said, "Why can't Mabel Guernica look out for her own books?"

But I didn't pay any attention. I just drove into the back road, and sure enough there was Moiling's car parked there. "Holy crow," Daddy said. "What's that?" Is that Mabel Guernica's car?"

"No," I said. "I don't know whose car it is." I mean you know, sometimes telling the truth is just the wrong thing to do. I mean it wouldn't have been wise to bring up Moiling Burslow in front of Daddy, and as Daddy always says, wisdom is the best attribute of a man.

So anyway, I got out of the car and went over to Moiling's Cadillac, and pretended to look around on the ground for Mabel's book. And then I discovered a funny thing. The radio of Moiling's car was going. I couldn't figure that out. Only unless he was some place around, you know, he'd just walked off and was going to come back soon. But that didn't figure. I mean, where could he go? Then Daddy honked the horn and I had to go back and get into the car.

"Did you find the book?" he said.

"No, I couldn't find it. I guess she lost it someplace else." And I drove home feeling pretty gloomy. I mean the thing is, I usually get what I want, Dear Diary, and it looked like I wasn't going to get Moiling Burslow.

Anyway, I went down to the show that night. It was just a gas. I mean that boy is simply the sexiest, he makes me just quiver like a hot flame. And so that was something. At least I got to hear him sing and see him shake around with the guitar the way he does. Afterwards, of course, I went out to the stage door. But there wasn't any chance of that. I mean practically the whole town was gathered around there waiting for him. He just came out and then the cops whisked him away and that was the last anyone saw

of him that night. But he'll be in town one more day. I've still got a chance. Only it isn't a good one.

**SATURDAY, JUNE 20**

**DEAR DIARY:**

Well, you never can tell how these things are going to work out. That's what makes life interesting, isn't it? I mean you know, the surprises and things.

So anyway Saturday I got up and ate breakfast and all, kind of late because you know a girl has to have her sleep, I mean I wouldn't want to go around looking tired all the time. And after breakfast I went out and got into the car. What I wanted was to go and see if Moiling's pink Cadillac was still down by the station. So I told Mums I was going to see Mabel Guernica and I drove down there. I mean, wouldn't you know. The car was gone. That made me just sick. Yesterday I had been right up to it, only I couldn't do anything about it. And now today I had the time, but I couldn't find the car.

The thing I figured was this: If I could find the car then sooner or later Moiling would come for it. It wasn't much of a plan, though. I mean, probably there'd be some cops coming with him, or his manager or whatever it was and they'd just chase me away. But it was the only thing I could think of. So I started driving around the outskirts of town, looking in all the fields and things. I never realized there were so many places you could hide a car around here. I mean what an ideal spot for car thieves. You could hide dozens of hot cars in the woods around town.

So anyway, I drove around for a couple of hours and I was getting pretty disgusted, when all of a sudden I saw this flash of pink way off in the woods. I jammed on the brakes. There was a little woods road running in among the trees and I sort of bumped the car over it a ways. Then I stopped the car and walked in the rest of the way.

It was Moiling's Cadillac all right,

(Continued on page 60)





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| <input type="checkbox"/> 10 Barbara Osterman "PIN-UPS"                 | <input type="checkbox"/> 101 "CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE"           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 "AFRO-MOOD" Cuban Dancer                   | <input type="checkbox"/> 102 Sheree North in "EXOTIC DANCER"   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13 "RHUMBA AMALIA" Cuban                      | <input type="checkbox"/> 103 "SCREEN TEST" of Vici Palmer      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 23 "SILK STOCKING MODEL"                      | <input type="checkbox"/> 107 "THE TRESPASSER"                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 30 Gwen Caldwell "GIRL WITH \$1,000,000 LEGS" | <input type="checkbox"/> 108 Nora Knight "EXOTIC DANCER"       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 36 Dodi "EXOTIC DANCER"                       | <input type="checkbox"/> 117 Sheree North "SUN DANCE"          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 46 "SEASHORE FROLICS"                         | <input type="checkbox"/> 123 Choendelle "FOLLIES STAR"         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 49 "BEAUTY PARADE"                            | <input type="checkbox"/> 125 "TEXAS LIL DARLIN"                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 54 Jerrima "BURLESQUE STAR"                   | <input type="checkbox"/> 126 "THAT GAL FROM DALLAS"            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 60 "LINGERIE MODEL"                           | <input type="checkbox"/> 127 Tempest Storm "DESERT DANCE"      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 62 Kalantan "DANCE NOCTURNE"                  | <input type="checkbox"/> 129 Sheree North "WASTE BASKET BLUES" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 64 "WOMEN OF BALI"                            | <input type="checkbox"/> 131 Linda "THE SUNBATHER"             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 68 Cleo Moore "MODELS STOCKINGS"              | <input type="checkbox"/> 133 "UNDERWATER EXOTIC DANCE RHYTHMS" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 73 Cute "AIRPLANE MECHANIC"                   | <input type="checkbox"/> 135 "TURKISH BELLY DANCER"            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 77 "AFRO-CUBAN RHYTHMS"                       | <input type="checkbox"/> 149 Lian "EXOTIC PARISIAN"            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 81 Myrna Dean "EXOTIC DANCER"                 | <input type="checkbox"/> 168 Arlene "BURLESQUE OOLL DANCE"     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 82 Kalantan in "BUDDHA DANCE"                 | <input type="checkbox"/> 182 "EXOTIC SWAN DANCE"               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 86 "GIRLS WRESTLING"                          | <input type="checkbox"/> 185 "LOUISIANA STRUT DANCE"           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 87 Betty Howard in "EXOTIC MAMBO"             | <input type="checkbox"/> 187 Jerrima "SOUTH SEA BELLE"         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 90 Barbara Nichols "MAMBO"                    | <input type="checkbox"/> 193 Blaze Starr "DANCE OF FIRE"       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 92 Dolores Del Raye "ST. LOUIS WOMAN"         | <input type="checkbox"/> 198 Busty Brown "MAID'S DAY OFF"      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 94 "HINDU TASSEL HASSELL"                     | <input type="checkbox"/> 212 "PIN-UPS" Betty Brosmer           |
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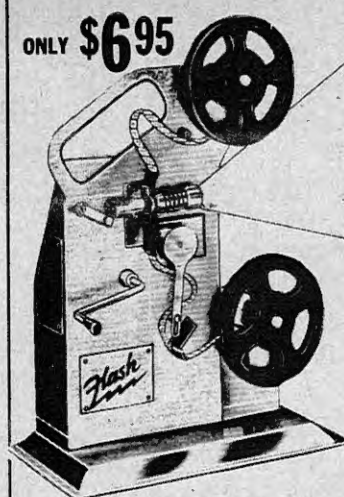
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- Sturdy all steel construction
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- Takes up to 200 ft. reels
- Complete with demountable theatre screen
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The "Flash" 8 MM picture is electrically projected by standard inexpensive batteries for safety and ease. There's no plugs or connections to get out of order and it's portable—can be used indoors or out. Pictures can be shown on any surface. Reel holds 200 feet of film. Complete outfit includes "Electric" 8 MM projector, full luminous screen with stand and 25 ft. film subject. Only \$6.98 plus 45¢ shipping charge. FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE if not 100% delighted.

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Now, you can open a new world to your youngster with this precision motion picture projector that will bring to life 8 MM color or black & white movies right in your own home and that he can run by himself! Yes, this sturdy motion picture projector is not a toy, but a complete mechanism that makes home movies a luxury that you can now afford.

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Biggest stock in Europe. Free catalog. Sample, \$1.00—Airmail Sample Set, \$5.00

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NATIONAL, Dept. 41-F, Box 5, Sta. E, TOLEDO 9, OHIO

## DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL,

(Continued from page 58)

that lovely pink color sort of shining in the sun, and I walked up to it and touched it with my hands and all, feeling a little colley-wobbles. I mean just to be near his car was something. And then I noticed a funny thing. The radio was on again. Now that got me. He couldn't have left the radio on all day, that would wear the battery down. I didn't know what to think. So what I did was get in and turn the radio off.

And then all of a sudden I heard this voice: "Hey, I was listening to that."

Well, you can imagine how I felt! I sort of jumped out of the car and stood looking around. I couldn't see anybody any place. I even looked up in the trees. Nobody. "Who's here?" I said, all trembly-like.

Then the voice came again. "Come on, honey, turn the radio on like a good girl."

Well, I was so astonished I wanted to cry. The voice as far as I could figure was coming from the car. "Who's that?" I said. "Moiling? Is that you, Moiling?"

"It's me, honey. Now be a good girl and turn on the radio and then go away so I can get some rest."

Dizzy with excitement is no mere phrase, you can bet that, Dear Diary. I just didn't know what to do. But Moiling was some place around. So what I did was get up my courage. I mean I had Moiling some place around, all I had to do was find him. "No," I said. "I won't turn on the radio until you tell me where you are."

"Aw hell," he said. And then I heard the trunk of the car open and Moiling got out. He was wearing these pink pajamas, with guitars sewed on to them, and his hair was all fuzzed up from being asleep. He looked so cute I could hardly bear it. "Damn it," he said. "Isn't there any place I can get some sleep?"

I went around to the trunk of the car where he was standing. "Were you in there?" I said.

(Continued on page 63)



# AMAZING! PORTABLE RADIO

## WORKS INDEFINITELY!

**Complete! Ready to Operate!**  
**NO BATTERIES! NO TUBES!**  
**No Longer Than a Regular Pack**  
**of Cigarettes. NEW LIFETIME**  
**RADIO GIVES INTERFERENCE**  
**FREE RECEPTION!...**

### WILL LAST INDEFINITELY!

The Lifetime Pocket Radio comes built into a colorful, durable, shock-resistant plastic case, completely enclosed . . . no bigger than a pack of cigarettes (regular size). Easily slips into your pocket or purse. Its fine, attractive appearance rivals portable radios selling for many times the price.

### FEATHERWEIGHT

Featherweight! The entire Lifetime Pocket Radio weighs so little that you'll be amazed. Just 4 ounces complete! So light, so small, so inconspicuous that you'll hardly know you have it with you. Fill in and mail the coupon today while the limited supply lasts.

### HOW DOES THIS AMAZING POCKET-SIZE RADIO FUNCTION?

Scientists and electronic engineers working together, perfected and developed the special new circuits found in the Lifetime Pocket Radio. The special power source is a new-type, self-powered rectifier called a germanium diode. This, together with the specially designed ferrite loop antenna (now standard equipment on many transistor sets) and the new circuit design, receives station's signals and amplifies them through a precision hearing-aid type speaker, enabling you to listen to your favorite programs in complete privacy! Calibrated tuning dial aids in station selection.

**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

Nothing To Plug In

No Expensive, Heavy Batteries To Buy or Carry Around

No Tubes to Burn Out or Replace

OPERATES A LIFETIME and NEVER RUNS DOWN!

### LISTEN TO YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS!

No matter where you are you can enjoy your favorite programs without bothering anyone else. Take the Lifetime Pocket Radio with you wherever you go . . . it only weighs 2 ounces and it's so convenient to carry around with you that you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. No maintenance costs whatever . . . nothing to wear out . . . nothing to replace . . . nothing additional to buy now or at any time. Why not rush your order today. Simply send the coupon below with your remittance and your Lifetime Pocket Radio will be shipped to you at once. You will be delighted beyond your wildest expectations.

### LISTEN ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

Now you can tune in on radio programs without anyone else knowing that you are listening to music, sports, news, weather, etc. Order your Lifetime Pocket Radio now before the major sporting events this Spring deplete our limited supplies. A FANTASTIC IMPORTED VALUE! NOW AVAILABLE WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS, AT THE UNBELIEVABLY LOW PRICE OF JUST \$4.95! And remember, there's absolutely nothing to go out of order. The Lifetime Pocket Radio is not a toy, but a precision instrument constructed and designed for your own personal use.

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## Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life"? Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

### Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

### See How JENASOL Capsules May Help You!

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 50 capsule daily. They combine 35 vitamins and minerals as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reinforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

## TRANQUILITY AND BLESSED RELIEF MAY AWAIT THE ROYAL JELLY USER

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 35 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time: PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY and EMOTIONALLY • "Human Dynamics" slow down • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions • Can't concentrate • Nervousness • Tense feeling • Moodiness • Lack of emotional control • Loss of interest in work • Loss of self-confidence • Feeling of futility • Worries needlessly • Fear of future • Insecurity • Failing memory • No zest for life • Difficult to get along with • Embarrassed

### Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR of YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee.

The Best Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mammary glands of women were activated.

## ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress\* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 50, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. De Pomiade, 80-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries.

### Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances... Headaches... Decreased Vigor... Nervousness... Aches and Pains... Irritability.

Take "JENASOL Formula 50 Capsules" Entirely on Approval!



We feel sure that JENASOL may be the blessing you have been seeking, that we offer it to you on a complete NO RISK, Money Back Guarantee. Take one JENASOL CAPSULE each day. Then if you are not completely satisfied they have helped you to feel younger, to enjoy sounder sleep, to have a calmer disposition, and to lead a fuller, more enjoyable life, your money will be refunded, promptly and without question. Simply return the empty bottle and your JENASOL CAPSULES have cost you nothing. What could be fairer? You try JENASOL at our expense, and you are the only judge of their effectiveness. You must be thrilled with the wonderful results. BUT THIS OFFER IS NECESSARILY LIMITED as the supply of Royal Jelly is, each day, in GREATER DEMAND (ROYAL JELLY is a completely NATURAL PRODUCT, hence only limited quantities can be allocated to JENASOL.) Don't delay... Get started immediately using this "MIRACLE" NATURAL FOOD that may help you feel good again... that may lead you to enjoy a new "lease on life."



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DOCTORS: Write on your letterhead for Clinical Samples

## Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed Its Use Directly



- Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.
- Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.
- Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.

- Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.
- Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.
- Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

### DISCOVERER OF INSULIN

Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting."

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."

"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

"DR. T. H. MCGAVACK has agreed to conduct experiments in Longevity with human beings fed Royal Jelly..."

### Life May Begin Again After 40 as Queen Bee's Natural Food Rebuilds Man's Vitality and Drive

Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Borda, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

### No Doctor's Prescription Necessary

Order ROYAL JELLY with complete confidence. If for any reason JENASOL fails to satisfy you, your money will be refunded in full. Try it at our expense! JENASOL CO., World's Largest Producers of Royal Jelly Products... serving over a QUARTER A MILLION PEOPLE—in the U.S.A. and 45 foreign countries; Dept. 326 125 E 46th N. Y. 17, N.Y.

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☐ Send C.O.D.; I will pay on delivery plus postage and C.O.D. Charges.

ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER



## DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL,

(Continued from page 60)

"I was in there all cozy, honey," he said. "Until you came along." I peeked in. I mean it was something. He had the trunk fixed up with kind of a bed that went along under the back seat. It was some kind of special rig. He even had some jars of peanut butter in there and some crackers in case he got hungry.

"What do you do, sleep in there?"

"I did," he said sourly. "There's no place else to hide from you damn girls. Every place I go I just duck into the woods or something and go to sleep here. Even if somebody comes along, they can't find me. Only you had to go and turn off the radio."

"I'm sorry," I said all humble. I mean I didn't feel humble. I felt just great. I mean here I was out in the woods all alone with Moiling Burslow; that was enough to make anybody proud. But I acted humble. It was the right way to do.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. "Okay, honey, I'll give you my autograph, then you go away. Okay?"

"Maybe," I said. Then what I did, standing right there in front of him, was take off my blouse and fling it onto the ground.

"Oh no," he groaned. "Go away."

Well, I was kind of insulted, but I

had to figure on that. I mean Moiling could do—that any time he wanted to, with any women he wanted to, so I figured I kind of had to show him I was special. So what I did was take off my bra. I've got these nice—you know what—sticking out of me. I mean they're really all right. Lots of boys have told me so. So what I did was let him have a good look at that part of me for a minute.

"Look, honey," he said, "all I want to do is get some sleep. Go away now."

"Maybe," I said. Then I kicked off my shoes and unhitched my skirt. I just let it kind of drop down my legs and then I stepped out of it. All I had on was my panties.

Moiling was kind of sitting on the edge of the bed in his pajamas with his hands over his eyes. "I ain't going to look," he said. "It ain't decent of you to do this. I got to get some sleep."

So I knew I was getting to him and I sort of snapped the elastic on my pants before I slipped them off. Then I went over and sat down on the edge of the bed, and kind of put myself near to him. "Of course," I said, "I wouldn't do it if you really didn't want to."

He still had his hands over his face.

(Continued on page 64)

# QUICK QUIPS

\* \* \*

Why did the farmer spend so much time looking for the needle in the haystack?

Because that's where his daughter did most of her fancy work.

\* \* \*

St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"

Latest arrival: "Flu."



\* \* \*

Drunk: "Taxi?"

Driver: "Yes sir!"

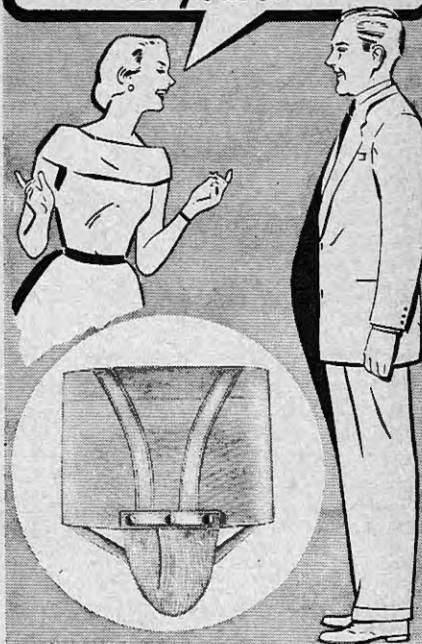
Drunk: "I thought so!"

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Jimmy, who beat the Phillistines?"

Student: "Gee, teacher, I only know the big league teams."

**"You haven't looked SO SLIM and YOUNG in years!"**



That's what friends will tell you when you let Slim-R take that "old man's sag" out of your midriff. You'll feel slimmer, younger and less tired, too, when Slim-R takes over that back-straining job of holding up "too much abdomen."

### Feel Younger, Too!

But more important, you'll feel so comfortable. Slim-R, with its advanced "substitute-for-muscles" construction, holds your stomach up as well as in, without that tight, corseted feeling. It's light, it moves with your body. And no betraying bulges either. Can't ride up; comfort-fitted supporter keeps you trim at all times.

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## DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL,

### Chapter VIII

## THE HIDING PLACE OF MOILING BURSLOW

(Continued from page 63)

"It ain't that. It's just that my manager will raise hell. I ain't had it for so long it makes me cry, but my manager won't let me."

Well, that surprised me. "I thought you got to do it all the time," I said. He looked kind of sad, but he still

had his hands over his eyes. "Naw, I can't afford to. Once I git into trouble with someone of you young girls it'll get written up in the paper and then I won't be able to work no more. My manager wants me to be clean-living. That's the idea. Moiling Burslow, clean-living kid."

"Well," I said, "isn't that awful! You poor fellow. I know just how you feel. My Daddy, he's in advertising, he'd just hit the roof if he found out about this. I mean he'd just do anything to keep it quiet."

"That so?" Moiling said. He spread out his fingers a little to peek at my nice naked body just a bit.

"Oh yes," I said. "He'd be absolutely livid if anyone found out. He'd do anything to get it out of the papers."

"Well, that's a right smart pa you got there," Moiling said. He took his hands off his eyes. Then he gave me a good look. "Well," he said, "I reckon there wouldn't be any harm if I just took off my pajamas, would there?"

"I guess not," I said. So I figured I had him; but I wasn't taking any chances. I slid into the trunk of the car into that bed he had there.

"What are you doing?" he said.

"Well," I said, "I just figured that if anyone came along we ought to be sort of hidden down in here. I mean, just so Daddy wouldn't find out about it and all."

"That's a smart idea," he said. So he picked up all my clothes and his pajamas and tossed them into the trunk. Then he got in beside me and pulled down the door. It was pretty dark in there, but that didn't make any difference. I just snuggled close up to him, pushing up against him, and he grabbed me pretty hard, and that was all right. Then I said, "Listen, that way you move your hips when you're playing the guitar. Can you do it lying down?"

"I reckon maybe I could try," he said.

He could, too.

The end

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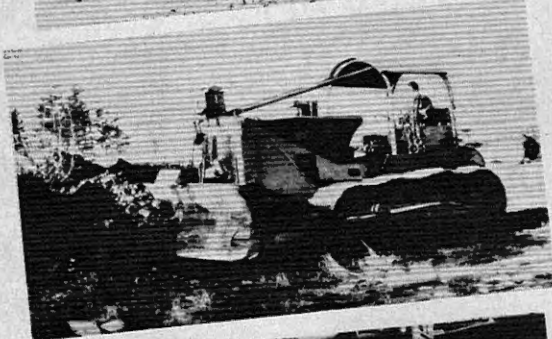
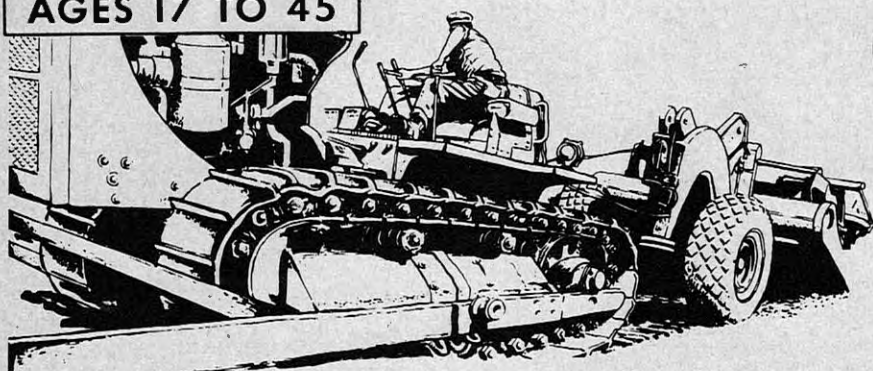
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See if you don't get the same smoke, same good taste, same smoking pleasure (if not better!) than the brand you now smoke. Yes, everything's the same—BUT WITH ONE BIG DIFFERENCE! You pay only for the tobacco, not the cigarette taxes. Everybody knows that as much as 17¢ out of every 25¢ spent on cigarettes go for taxes, TV shows, marketing, profits, etc. **YOU CAN'T SMOKE TAXES—WHY PAY FOR THEM?** Now, at last, you can still enjoy the fine-quality smoke you're accustomed to and yet **SAVE \$50.00 to \$100.00 EVERY YEAR!**

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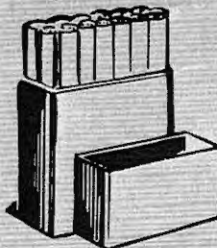
Send for your machine now and we'll include enough genuine Corsaire Virginia Tobacco for 200 cigarettes, 10 full packs, a COMPLETE CARTON! After 10 days if you don't agree that the Korum machine manufactures cigarettes as good or BETTER than the brand you now smoke, return ONLY the machine for complete refund. Keep the tobacco. You've manufactured 200 cigarettes and they are yours to smoke—FREE!

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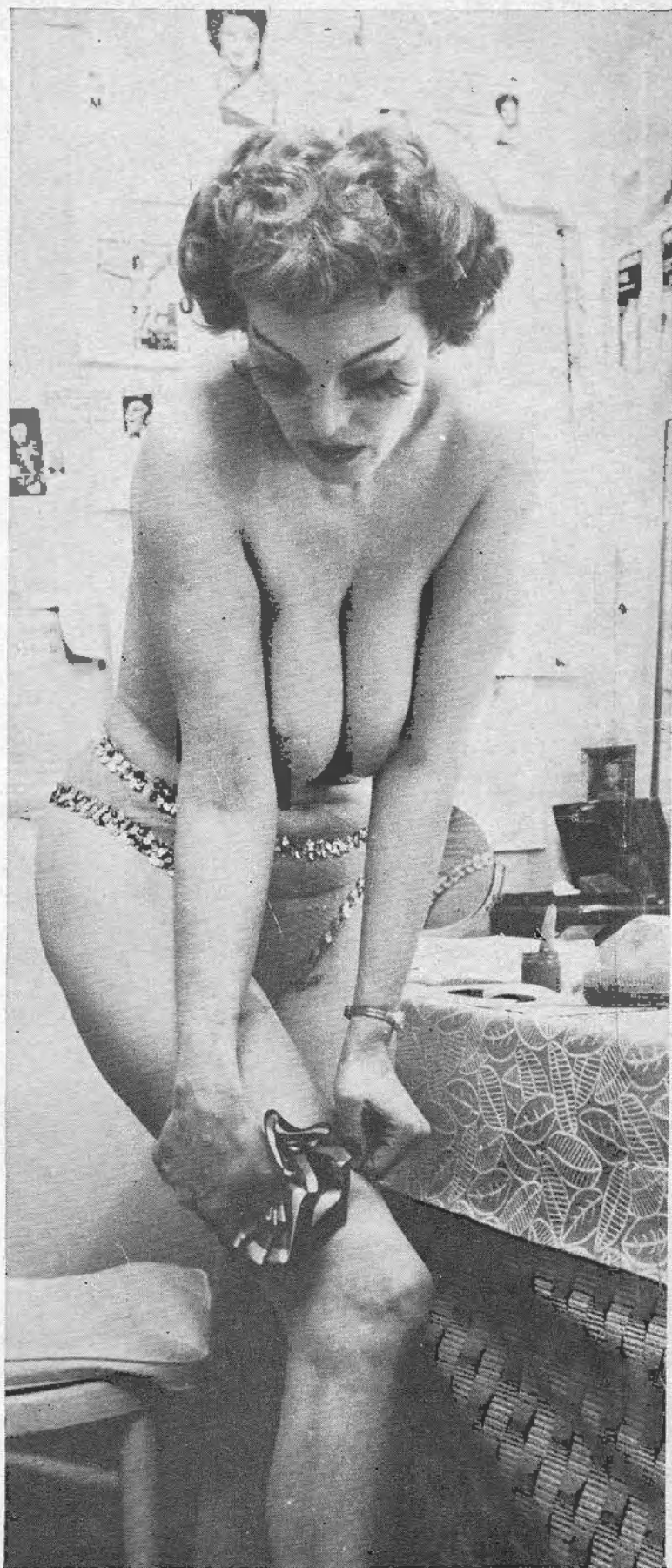


## SHAKEDOWN

To keep our readers even cooler next month MERMAID has in the works an informative article about the wonderful, new sport that's sweeping the nation... skin-diving.

You'll learn how to dive with a SCUBA (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) you'll learn the dangers of skindiving (and how to avoid them) and you'll also learn what's the best equipment to buy.

But most of all, if you go skindiving... you'll learn how to beat the heat the most fun way of all... by waterproofing next month's issue of MERMAID so's you can read it while sitting on a coral reef or at the bottom of a lake.







IN THIS ISSUE OF MERMAID...

you'll be thrilled and delighted by tales and females designed to provide the most in pleasure and entertainment. Here's just a short list of the joy that awaits you inside:

THE GIRL WITH THE PIERCE-ARROW

THE PLACES WHERE LOVE IS  
FREE AND EASY  
DOWN THE HATCH OR, THE POWERBOAT  
FOR YOU  
JACK AND THE MAN-TAMING GIRL  
THE STRANGE CUSTOM OF THE ASTEROID  
and of course...  
DIARY OF A PLAYGIRL—CHAPTER EIGHT

And just in case your eyes get a bit tired reading all that fine (and dandy) print we have our usual selection of sensational females. One last word: don't miss this issue's THE MERMAID OF THE MONTH on page 34.